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·THE·BETTER·WAY·

AN ADVOCATE OF SPIRITUALISM AS A SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

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Spiritual Discourses.

IS PROPHESYING THE ACTION OF A SPECIAL SENSE OR THE TRACING CAUSE TO EFFECT?

Discourse Delivered by Mr. J. Clegg Wright Before the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall, New York, Sunday Morning, May 18th, 1890.

Specially reported for The Better Way.

The present phase of psychic study is one which is calculated to heighten man's interest in the phenomena of prophecy. Throughout the whole realm of history there are sprinkled these psychic phenomena expressed in the more remote or past times—prophetic utterances which cannot be denied in the face of historic evidence, that power to some extent of foretelling future events has been possessed by men. The ruder the civilization, it is true, and the more numerous have the prophets been; the greater the superstition of the people, and the larger the prophetic supply; the more undeveloped the mind and the greater the anxiety to know the contents of the volume of the future. For this reason in ancient times a greater demand for the prophetic existed than what is found to-day. That is, there is a demand which was founded upon anxious and eager credulity. With the development of learning and the grand features of this age there may be awakened as deep an interest as ever the nations of ancient times showed, but it will be an interest of another kind, it will be an interest which rests upon the nature and constitution of the human mind in relation to the future.

In the first place, we define prophecy to be the inferential declaration of the outcome of known events. This prophetic capability passes into a different sphere of prognizing thoughts from the sensational sphere. Understand me, that all persons who have this prophetic capability have sensational power in a higher developed condition than the majority of mankind. I place in the category of sensation clairvoyance. In the same category I put psychometry—sensational capabilities. But they are spiritual sensational capabilities. They come into relation with the phenomena of a spiritual world. This spiritual world and its phenomena lie in another domain of nature, and man's sensational capability is beginning to touch that domain. In the isolated cases of individual power in antiquity, when these persons touched the spiritual sphere they spoke, they reasoned and they saw the outcome of events with a clearer line and definition than the rest of mankind, which sight amounted to prophecy. Unquestionably in antiquity there was a great deal of pretence to this power, but beneath the pretence there was a reality. The constitution of man to-day possesses the active capability for tracing the outcome prophetically of events to-day.

Let me begin with the discussion of this subject right in the realm of sensational consciousness. It is one of the commonest experiences for a person to become aware of the presence of another without the usual channel of communication—there is a presentiment which George Henry Lewes called the pre-perceptive power, that which led Home to say coming events indicated in the consciousness were shadows reflected or mirrored in sensation. There are persons with whom you can hold relation, whose mental spere is open, whose compatibility of temperament is complete, and the gate of the soul opens wide for you to see the domain of the spiritual contents and outcome. This sight is the first prophetic state or degree, and is possessed by nearly everybody in the world. It is an accompaniment of the magnetic sensativeness.

Then it is on the magnetic plane, to a very large extent, that we must look for a satisfactory solution of the prophetic capability. There lie in the domain of magnetism the past and the present activities of phenomena. All that has been has written itself, its history upon the magnetic sphere. A pebble from the mountain's side contains the history of the past geological ages—psychometric capability reads a part of that history. The universal atoms of magnetic nature are phonographic machines. On the pebbles of the seashore are written the vibrations of the water and the atmosphere. A tone of the vibration is only necessary to bring back the history of the past. To call back the past from things is the other side of the capability of prophecy, it is the reading of the prophetic past.

I think it was Marcellus who demanded of the astrologer from the events of the subjects life to give the date of the subject's birth. The astrologer said it ought to be done. If there be prophetic capability in the starry sphere relating to human destiny it ought to point its finger both ways, to the past and to the future. And the astrologer replied that such a power lay within his grasp.

We do not deny the wisdom of the astrologer, but merely instance the experience to show you that if there lies in the magnetic sphere of nature the contents from which the phenomena of future life and being have to be evolved, there is a revolutionary essence leading backward to it, so that in the combination in the soul of man of the faculties of clairvoyance and psychometry in their united action upon the phenomena they see a wider field and a greater domain of nature than the sensational consciousness can command. If an animal with lower reasoning capability than man looked upon the great structure of the Brooklyn bridge its use to that animal would be unknown. The use of anything can be known by experience. With the lower forms of conscious life it would have the stupendous qualities of a miracle, it would have no capability to grasp the plan.

In nature there are great realized principles, and psychometry and clairvoyance enable the conscious soul to grasp the truth, and its application becomes a matter of experience. The constant, indubitable uniformity of the action of a truth is a foundation upon which all the phenomena of the outcome of that truth can be invariably predicated. When in 1846 the planet Uranas ran away from its apparent and accustomed place in the solar system the doctrines that astronomers had held for ages seemed to be set at defiance. Why has that planet gone away? What power took it out of its accustomed orbit? That was the question, and at that time the outer planet, Neptune, had not been discovered. Man lay in ignorance of the existence of that planet, but there were certain immutable principles involved in the constitution of nature that enabled Adams and Leverrier to see that in the domain of stellar space there lay a body with adequate capability to be the cause of the strange action of Uranus. If these immutable principles of nature be correct away out there, there must be a planet the cause of this phenomonon. The astronomer turned his telescope at the time that was promised and indicated by the outcome of an elaborate mathematical reasoning on a deductive method. From that the hypothesis was started that out there in space at a certain hour a body must be, adequate to the cause of the phenomenon. The verification of the hypothesis was the discovery of the planet Neptune. That was prophecy—that was scientific prophecy—the verification of the hypothesis.

This is the lowest, but I may say the most utilitarian and the most beautiful form in which prophecy presents itself in the form of an hypothesis. Then when the hypothesis becomes verifiable the verification of the prophecy is the result. The hypothesis which Sir Isaac Newton set up in optics was a prophecy which future discovery did not verify, but it was an hypothesis which performed useful work in science, for science can make progress only by climbing by prophecy, by climbing by that structure which the imagination rears for the explanation of the phenomena which take place.

In chemistry the same prophetic capability has been manifested. The mind has jumped forward before it had the facts, it has built hypothesis before there was a possibility of verification, it affirmed before it knew. But it had an inkling, it had the dawn of day in the essential fact. A fact without its verification is not of much use to man. A fact, unless it can stimulate deductive and inferential forces is of little use unto mankind, but when of the fact other facts are known the hypothesis is launched out, and prophecy on this low plane of the discussion is the grasping of the realized ideas of nature in their unity and harmony. In the soul world harmony is as necessary to the perpetuity of existence as it is in the realm of physical nature. That is to say, we cannot conceive of the possibility of a relative essential existence in another sphere but that of harmony. What the world looks at to-day as war and inharmony is but the struggle of atomic realm to attain new modes and forms of states of equilibrium. It is in this sense that wrong has a side of right to it. What appear as gigantic crimes in nature—great cyclonic waves of injustice—these are more apparent than real. The sweep which is to make these in the production of the higher or newer diversified types of harmony, so that in the attainment of the intellectual and spiritual equilibriums friction is present and the imperfect reading of the environment. The perfect reading of the environment would be perfect prophecy. The perfect reading of the latent and the active contents of the magnetic and soul spheres would reveal the entire past and the future.

The present is a mode of consciousness. There is no time. Time is not objective, it is not a thing, it is not a body, it is not a quality of a body. Time is a relative state of consciousness, and it belongs to a particular state of consciousness. In sleep you have no conception of time, you have in your conscious state no perception of time, it is a conception of time. It is the relation, it is the experience of the perceptions through consciousness. When this relation is changed, as it is changed in clairvoyance, then the phenomena of consciousness sweep a mode of being which has no time in its mode, is not conditioned in that state, but the past becomes present, the future is pulled into the present, eternity is now. All that has been, all that will be, is in the now, and the consciousness is learning the eternal now by unrolling it. Time is unrolling that eternity now in the blaze of the consciousness here and in the sphere of sensation.

Then if it be possible for the mind to rise above the demarkations of sensational conceptions of time, for a moment let us get into that sphere, where we are looking upon being, where we are looking upon being rather than upon the phenomena of being. We are to-day looking upon the phenomena of being, we are studying being in the form. Form is the basis of individuality; we are studying things. Behind the thing is the nothing. The no-thing is the being. I have no consciousness to touch the no-thing, I touch in my consciousness the thing. But the no-thing is the being from which the something is made. The soul in its transcendental personality comes nearer to the no-thing. Clairvoyance, still in the domain of phenomena, comes nearer to the no-thing and sees; psychometry comes nearer, but still in the domain of the phenomenal, to being. Being the soul will not reach, to cognize being. Soul being is uncognizable. Unknowable but cognizable is the reality upon which the knowable is expressed. Into that domain the soul launches and when a spark, when, as it were, an electric storm in the no-thing projects itself into the thing it is prophetic. It is a gleam, it is a revelation, it is an invention.

Let us look at the prophetic character of invention. Invention is not design. Design is the result of the operation of experience and reason in relation to a combination of circumstances. To design is to correlate some plan, some development, some arrangement from the given phenomena; it is grouping them into a new relation; it is a plan, but not a creation. An invention is something else. It is greater than a plan, it is greater than an operation of inference, it is more than an operation of deduction, it is an actual conception, it is an application of a new principle, it is an application sometimes of an old principle to a new set of circumstances. Take the Brooklyn bridge. It is a plan, it is a design, but it is not an invention. There existed the wire, there existed the elements out of which the bridge is constructed. The idea of a bridge of that sort is not a new idea. That wire could be stretched across a chasm is a conception that could enter into any mind, it is a comprehension of the difficulties to be overcome, it is an applying means to overcome those difficulties. That is design, but invention is the calling out of nature a new phenomenon and the applying of these phenomena to uses to which they have never been put before.

Invention is shown in the telegraphic system. When the first telegraphic instrument was made there was involved in that discovery more than experience, inference and deduction. There is the application of a new principle not in the experience, not in inference, not in deduction. This is invention. It is scientific prophecy, the possibility of certain combinations producing certain results.

Chemistry is filled with inventions—great discoveries—not led up to by experience, by inference or by deduction. The phonograph is a great invention, it is the product of a quality of soul that is a mediumistic quality, that touches a mind sphere, that becomes inspiration, that gathers a field of light. This inspiration, this combination of talent and quality, made a Shakespeare, made a Milton, made a Dante, made a Homer—these great original creations of genius that struck out characteristics of mental phenomena in poetry. Inventions, great ideal creations, they are, of the nature, of the kind of phenomena to which we ascribe prophecy. It belongs to the same domain. To the ancient mind prophecy and poetic genius were alike or meant the same thing. The greatest prophecies were embodied in poetic garb, the great oracles of antiquity shrined their prophesy in the vernacular of rhythmic phraseology. The human mind has identified imagination with the capabilities of invention, and the imagination lies upon the domain of the spiritual sphere. Projected upon the mirror of the imagination are many spiritual facts and principles and truths. In the evolution of this great relation between mind and the sub-sensible sphere we are ever broadening and widening this prophetic capability.

The spiritual world is nearer the prophetic power than the sense sphere world of the now. This spiritual world in clairvoyance and psychometric consciousness comes upon a wider now. With an unfolded consciousness there is a wider domain of thought sphere, there is a larger field for analytical, conceptive and sensational experience. Upon this broader field the field of to-day dwindles and becomes more readable, the outcome to-day becomes more clearly seen, the color becomes more clearly painted, so that prophecy is not inferential, not experience, but prophecy is the soul of man touching absolute being, reading the face of absolute being somewhat. Not in its fullness, that would imply absolute possibility, absolute capability, but touching the no-thing at some point and in the sphere of mind realizing a new objective idea in nature.

Great capability is necessarily a psychic power of the human mind to deal with these psychic problems. Spiritualism necessarily brings man into contact with these. No satisfactory consciousness of mind can be presented which leaves out these border land phenomena in the human consciousness. There is a great border land around you which is misty, which is foggy. If you were approaching the coast of a new world from the old on a foggy day, the places upon the shore would be dimly limned, you would see in those misty forms the manifestations of an obscure and dimly perceived continent. So around the human soul are towering the shadowy forms of another world. The soul of man has touched here and touched there. The fingers of the invisible are ever at work upon the consciousness. In your day activity and night dreams you are touched by the spirits of men and women. Their emanations become your food thought, the waves of their love and affection you breathe, you live upon the scintillations of their spirits, conscious and unconscious of their work. You swim in an ether so fine, you live in a world impalpable, and the impalpable is more potent than the palpable. You live in a world where waves of inspirations are the touch of vanished hands, where the life sphere of the departed bathes you. It is the food of peace, it is the vitality of hope, it is the promise of futurity; it is, in short, the building upon which life and man stand; it is the being of your being that this field of spirit nature sweeps with its thought.

The world grows. This sphere of universal spirit touches the point of the world and new life starts into being. It is inspiration, it is revelation, it is prophecy, it is the working out of the troubles of natural force and principle, it is the establishment of affection, it is the triumph of the individual, it is the rise of amalgamations, it is the destruction of the inferior, it is the lifting of the superior, it is the struggle of destruction, it is the crushing of injustice, it is the rise of wisdom! Prophecy is the power which tries the soul of man, wags the orator's progressive tongue, the poet's social consciousness and the philosopher's triumphant spirit. The man of science rolls on in triumph in his sphere.

Written for The Better Way.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

H. L. PALMER.

What is truth? This question is as old as intelligent life. Every thinker to-day meets it, as did the thinkers in the earliest ages. Especially does the question arise in all matters pertaining to religious belief. Education, environments, inherited tendencies (which are ante-natal education), become a part of and color all our opinions. That which to one is the highest truth, is absurdly false to another, and we are compelled to use our highest intelligence in judging what to accept and what to reject. Truth is not absolute; we find, as in the old fable, it lies in the bottom of the well; we must seek it and prove it by our experience; we must appeal to human needs to discover its intrinsic merit.

In science no man accepts as facts any evidence which cannot be demonstrated. The naturalist must prove each specimen presented before he can classify his facts; the astronomer tests his telescope again and again, searching the heavens with careful scrutiny before he announces a discovery; the mathematician proves his proposition in manifold ways; the geologist carefully notes each line which nature has inscribed on mountain and rock, before he ventures to promulgate a theory of the earth's creation. So in every department of life's knowledge do men seek and delve and prove that they may know just what is true in every department save one, and that the one that concerns our happiness here and hereafter—religion. In this realm, according to the theology of the present, investigation is useless. Man must reverentially accept without evidence, except tradition, because "Thus saith the Lord."

A writer in a late number of the Methodist Review on the "Divine and Human in the Bible," says: "It is not truth merely that is wanted, but divine truth, and this the Bible adequately furnishes. It is not furnished, however, after the manner of scientific or profane truth, from which in this event it could not be distinguished in its special character. Divine truth is not on a level with natural truth. The distinction between them is as obvious as the fact of there being two kinds of truth." And this is the way theologians seek religious truth. Are there two kinds of truth? Is not all truth divine? Who can contemplate "profane truth?" Nature, God's handiwork, cannot be otherwise than divine, and all truth pertaining thereto must be of a divine nature.

Is all religious truth between the lids of the Christian Bible? Is all that is contained in the Bible truth? The writer may well say that it is not furnished there "after the manner of scientific or profane truth."

It is thus that theology has always sought to draw the line between real life and religious life. Religion has not been subjected to the broad sunlight of investigation, and it cannot preserve its vital importance when accepted in blind faith.

Dogmatic doctrines, against which reason and common sense protest, are injected into the mind without conception of its adaptability to human need. Reason is throttled and intellect stultified. To make a distinction between divine and scientific truth, is to thrust God outside of nature, and to build a kingdom beyond the reach of human intelligence.

Every soul has a necessity and capacity for truth, and it accepts and adapts truth according to its need.

But there is a religious belief that stands before the world with no creed to protect it. It embodies science, law, nature, humanity. It requires the friction of use to prove its value; it has truth and justice for its foundation; it is not based on one Bible, but on all the Bibles of all people. It asks of those who seek it that they shall prove it; it offers proof that man lives hereafter in conscious immortality. The manifestations of this religion of Modern Spiritualism vary, as do the wants of the human mind—of human life. It has a code of communication by which embodied and decarnated spirits can speak across the dark gulf. It furnishes the evidence of individual identity in manifold ways, according to the necessity and condition of the seeker. The vocabulary of communication is full and complete and real. It answers the cry of each human heart, and the end is not yet. As scientists, seek its truths as fairly and with as just regard for its conditions and requirements, as they solicit evidence of geologic or mathematical truth, the mists of uncertainty shall be cleared away. Those who seek the truth without prejucice can find it. Modern Spiritualism is the wall between the true and the false.

HELP WANTED.

To the Editor of The Better way.

I have been reading the article of Helen Hartland, concerning Mrs. Garrett's mediumship. I do not know Mrs. Hartland, but am personally acquainted with Mrs. Garrett, and love her as a sister. She converted me to the belief of Spiritualism. Through her I have received many tests and comforting assurances of continued life. I know but little of Spiritualists, but would like to ask if there is a fund to assist poor, sick mediums? If so, I hope Mrs. Garrett will receive assistance that she may be enabled to get away from the place where she is dying by inches. I formerly lived in San Diego, and nursed Mrs. Garrett through a long and painful illness. I know her whole sorrowful history, and know she is a true, pure, good woman, and one of the grandest mediums I ever sat with; it is true I have sat with but few. I have the greatest sympathy and respect for this medium, and have helped her in my humble way all that I could. I write this hoping to interest some one who is able to assist her. She is capable of doing a grand work for the cause, but unless she can get a away from San Diego to some place where her health may be restored her glorious mediumship will go out with her life. Mrs. Garrett resides at 817 Colbia street, San Diego. I also give my own address, and will answer any letter written me concerning her.

Respectfully, MRS. ANDRUS.
1659 12th St., West Oakland Alameda Co., Cal.

This seems to be the cream of the week. On the spiritual river where we would ever sail, Sabbath rest opens into clearer water and broader bay; and we can rest on our oars to get a distincter view of the heavenly hills.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.—Maria Edgeworth.

A VISION.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Several years ago I attended a Methodist revival, an old-fashioned one, and the result was the following:

As a boy I was a tough one; no vision of a blissful future, where man's soul dwelt in harmony with all of nature's laws ever crossed my youthful mind.

But visions of a world where man's tortured soul roamed the sulphurous regions of the forever damned, and where utter hopeless dispair ruled supreme, were the subjects of my dreams.

One night in the dreary month of March my guardian demon called at my bedside for me; I refused to go; her haggard image repelled me, yet fascinated me. At my refusal, what an unjust frown crossed her wrinkled face; how she held up to my mental vision the ill deeds of my boyhood; with what delight she took me through all the low and cruel reports of my youthful days; how she grinned and uncovered her toothless gums when she referred to the hellish and beastly pastimes of my manhood days; and with what a demonical smile she described the last murder, and made me hold up my right hand dripping red with a brother's blood, I cursed her and bid her begone!

Not so; for many a year she had held me bound as with a spell, and as she came closer to me, her hot breath upon my cheek, and those skinny hands, like claws, made passes over me, I could not resist, I yielded to her hellish power and cursed the day that she first enslaved me. Now I must go where I could not. I had often done her infernal bidding before; I must do it now. She bid me come, and as I glided out of the body into the bleakest night, she kept me close under the shadow of her remorseless wing. I had worked out many a dark deed under its shadow before now. What had she in store for me at this time! Was I to be the willing agent for still deeper, still darker crimes? Why this midnight going through the air when all the other dark deeds had been confined to earth? Had I graduated under her tuition on earth, and was she now taking me to the scenes of viler deeds, to a to me unknown sphere; I had roamed the wide world, and she, my demon, had always been by my side. If I slept she guarded me with a jealous care, if I walked she had always been my invisible guide; no matter when, no matter where, whether it was on the quiet old farm, when a boy, I tortured all within my reach, no matter at sea or on land I was, the ever present guide was with me. What plans of cursedness she had tempted me, too, what days of misery she had brightened with new deeds of darkness for me to commit. Oh, curse her now! Why not leave me on earth until I had reached the point where I had hoped to end the earth life in voiceless death and in utter oblivion? But as I turned to her she whispered softly, yet in unearthly tones, "Man never dies, never dies!" How those words echoed and reverberated through the howling depths of the darkness around us. Oh! that I could "curse God and die!" Oh! that I could beat out the horrible past and drop out into oblivion forever!

And again she whispered to me, "Man never dies! Cannot die!" Then why have you, my guardian and my guide, held up to my mental view the hope of annihilation at earthly death? Why did you tell me that death ended all? Why did you say that you would care for my future and that my life should be blotted out into utter darkness and dead forgetfullness forever, and that all my sins and devilish deeds should die with me at end of earth? Oh! curse you now my evil spirit, my guide, my demon! How I hate you now that you look the devil that you are! What a satisfied smile stole ocross her hellish features then! I could tear her limb from limb, for she had cheated me; aye, all my earth life had cheated me, and now I was powerless. She waved me on in utter helplessness. I, with her, sped on; whither I knew not, but in words of living fire, burnt into my very soul, and ringing in my ears now sounding those fatal words, "Man never dies! Never dies!" And I have hugged that sweet delusion to my aching heart—that cursed delusion—all my life, that "death ended all."

What deeds of wickedness I had wrought sleeping—conscience sleeping—under that damnable delusion! If I had only known; if I had listened to my mother's voice, instead of the temptings of the fatal power that now rules me. If I could only live earth life over again. If, but hark! I hear the howl of demon's family looming through the air. I turn to my guide, and she points down, down into the impenetrable darkness below and around us; and what a smile, like that of satan, lighted up her horrible face. I gazed into the depths of darkness beyond, and I saw the glimmering lurid light of the regions of the unredeemably damned. Oh! how my soul sank and quailed within me then! No matter; onward we sped. How swift was our flight! How the lurid light, shimmering like the Aurora Borealis, brightened as we sped on! How dark figures, like spirits of the damned flitted about us now! Were they devils that held such fiendish conference with my guide and grinned their delight at me? Were the shrieks that filled the air from the tortured souls of the damned? Were the hot and scorching siroccos and simoons that swept over us from the fires beyond to which we were so swiftly racing? Was the spirits that came so near me the spirits of my boon companions that had left earth long ago? Was this horrid region that we had entered the regions of hell? Yes. I must have guessed aright, for my hienous guide nodded a quiet approval; and as we swept on the red flames shot up and illuminated her fiendish form, and her face glowed with a devilish delight. My senses grew keener; I saw all my past life at a glance. I read the dark deeds that she and I had done together in letters of fiery red written all across the lurid depths beyond. With what keen anguish I comprehended it all! My senses on earth were keenly astray, but now, with all the horrid din about me, each minute growing louder, and with the scorching winds that fanned me, how supremely keen they were. No use of thinking that came unbidden. Horrors piled on horrors rose like clouds about me; devils chased each other, or some luckless soul all across lurid scene; and with red-hot pitch forks and barbed spits prodded each other as they tossed the souls of the damned back toward the scorching abyss. "That was so far and yet so near." Howling demons crowded around me, and with grinning features beckoned to let them have me. It was awfully horrible, but my guide kept them at bay. I wished for oblivion then. I had too much attention paid me—altogether too much. I begged, I pleaded with my guide to flee from this horrid place. While pleading with her I saw a little to the left of our course a foggy sort of a shining light not one-half so lurid as our fiery abiss before us, and as I cast an inquiring glance to my guide she relented a little, and we bore away for this redeeming feature in this lurid scene. She told me that the pleasant light that we are now approaching was the Christian's heaven; quite a small place when the weather was quite comfortable for the souls of mortals that had the good luck to get there.

Oh! how I began to wish that I might slip past St. Peter, and through that narrow gate into this small but lovely paradise. We soon arrived at the blessed abode of the true Christian. As there were several of these ahead of us, we paused and waited our time, but my guide seemed afraid and hung back. I listened to one after another as they approached St. Peter. Some got a pass, some a crown, some a harp, or a pair of "Dem Golden Slippers," and was through that gate in less than no time, but just ahead of us was one of our kind, and as he stepped up to the old gate keeper, I heard him give the name of A. B. R., of Meadville, Pa., and St. Peter shouted out, "bring a hand-sled!" In an instant two large devils caught my friend R. and clapped him onto the hand-sled, gave him a toss over the bank onto an incline that led to the fiery abyss near by, and away he went with the fire streaming from the sled runners, and twenty little devils, full of glee, strang after him, and onto him, and away he flew out of sight, and into hell forever. I felt blue enough as I walked up toward the old gatekeeper, but my mind was made up. So I boldly faced St. Peter. As I came up he slammed the heavenly gates together and put on a frown and asked me my name. I said no matter, give me a "hand-sled." I got one, and got a toss over the bank, sled and all, and my guide jumped on behind, grinning like all the rest of the devils.

As I started off I caught sight of the battlements of heaven, and there upon the walls sat most of my old companions—happy as clams at high tide, kicking their heels against the walls. They had come to see the fun. They had joined the church of the Christian on earth, yet most, if not all, had been jerked to heaven by the hangman's rope.

By this time I was scooting for hell like a streak of greased lightning. I began to look for a good place to skip the track and pile the whole crowd in the ditch, so I grabbed a good sized devil by the horns and gave a jump, and as I jumped my wife wanted to know if I had not heard the breakfast bell that she had been ringing in my ears for the last fifteen minutes.

Was it a dream, or what.

J. W. DENNIS.

Written for The Better Way.

LETTERS TO A CLERGYMAN.

No. 4.

BY MOSES HULL.

WILLIAM H. CLAGGETT:

Dear Sir:—My letter in so many parts may be considered rather an overdose; but you must remember, you asked me, in your preface, after the perusal of your book, to "drop" you "a line concerning it." If I dropped a line on every mistake you made in those few pages, my letters would indeed swell to enormous proportions; as it is, I hope another or two more installments at most will let you off for this book; but I warn you to beware; if you perpetrate another, you will not get off so easily.

I see, in your "Mask Torn Off," that you have unmasked the woman of Endor and found her to be a witch. At least you say so on page 15. Will you please tell us, in your next edition, where you found that out? I have hunted for the evidence that she was a witch for many years. I have never found anything more substantial to base that charge on than a heading somebody put to that chapter in a few modern Bibles, and the unsupported *ipse dixit* of a few such ministers as yourself.

On page 18 you say:

"There were no mediums necessary to receive the communications, no circles formed, no cabinets, no singing or turning down of lights. The angels came directly to the person to whom they were sent, openly, in the day as well as at night, on the public highway as well as in the street." You seem so determined to press this point, that on page 24 you say:

"And mark the contrast between this case and those of angels sent from God to men. Those to whom they came did not go to seek a medium, the angels came to them. They had no need of either 'medium' or 'circle' in order to communicate. They came openly and in the day; there is no hiding under tables or in cabinets, no peeping and muttering. They came openly, delivered their messages directly to those to whom they were sent, without the interposition of any one, and then went their way.

When these two paragraphs are boiled down they amount to about this:

1. No mediums were necessary, the communications always being direct to the ones for whom they were intended.
2. No cabinets were used.
3. No circles formed.
4. The manifestations were universally in the light.

I now propose to tear the mask off of these four propositions. First, however, I wish to say that very many of the modern manifestations come without recognized mediums, cabinets or singing; also that they occur in the day time; but was this universally so in biblical manifestations? Let us see.

1. Do you know that when God wanted to talk to Eli, he went to Samuel and not to Eli direct? Do you know also that this seance between God and Samuel was a dark seance? and that when Eli wanted to know the Lord's message he had to go to Samuel, the medium, and not to God to find what it was. See 1 Sam. iii: 1-21.

Saul, also, when he wanted his "fortune told," and his last property found, went to Samuel, the medium, and not to God. Again, if the people had as much power with God as Samuel, why did they ask Samuel to pray for them? 1 Sam. xii: 9. If no "interposition of any one" between people and the world of spirit is needed, why do you pray for sinners? Why did David consult Abiathas, the priest, and his ephod? 1 Sam. xxiii: 6-9; also xxx: 7, 8. Why did the Lord use Nathan, the prophet, and God, seer, as mediums, in his talks with David? See 2 Sam. xii: 1, and xxiv: 13. Why did God send his message to King Jehoshaphat by the mouth of the medium, Jahaziel? 2 Chron. xx: 14-17. Do you remember that God, or rather an angel once used a lying prophet to prophecy a truth to another man who was himself a prophet or medium? See 1 Kings, xiii: 18-22. If any one could converse directly with God or angels, surely Paul could, but the Holy Ghost, instead of speaking to Paul directly, used the prophet or medium Agabus, who foretold correctly what would befall Paul. Acts xxi: 11.

2. If circles are of no avail, as you claim, please tell your readers why God could not hear the prayers of one as well as a dozen? And why did Jesus say: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them?" Could he not meet with one as well as three? Why have prayer meetings? Cannot God hear the prayers of one as well as a dozen? Why did Jesus take Peter, James and John with him on the mount when he was transfigured? Why did he take the same trio when he went to raise the ruler's daughter? Why was it necessary for the hundred and twenty disciples to continue ten days in one place with one accord in prayer and supplication before the Holy Ghost fell upon them? Was not that a circle and a rather long one? Why did they have to march around Jericho fourteen days before its walls fell? Do you not consider that forming a circle around the city? and do you not consider the throwing down of those walls rather a strong physical manifestation?

3. So far as cabinets are concerned, I consider Jesus and Peter, each in their turn, made temporary cabinets of the rooms where the ruler's daughter and Tabitha lay, when they put everybody else out, and allowed no one to enter. Luke viii: 54, Acts ix: 40. So the Holy of Holies was to be a dark room; no light was to be admitted, nor was any one except the high priests allowed to enter into it. When God was said to have descended in awful grandeur upon Mount Sinai, not only did he use the top of the mount as a cabinet on the occasion, but he would not allow any one to enter that place for three days before the manifestation occurred.

4. Possibly singing was unnecessary for biblical manifestations, as you claim. I certainly have witnessed very fine manifestations where there was no singing; but you must recognize a "seance of song" as carrying with it a harmonizing influence, and the more harmony we combine the better for some kind of manifestations. When the wonderful manifestations occurred in the cabinet that Solomon built, there was much singing and playing musical instruments. Please turn and read 2 Chron. v: 13, 14. It was a circle, a praying circle, where the "place was shaken," in Acts iv: 31.

Paul and Silas were singing at midnight, and in the dark, when the jail was shaken open and Paul and Silas were set free. Acts xvi. 25, 26. On this occasion, beside opening the prison doors, the bands on the prisoners were loosened as quickly as the ropes were ever taken off the Davenport Brothers. Such was also the case with Peter. Acts xii: 7. My dear brother, you ought to get a little acquainted with your Bible; it is full of what to you would be news on the question upon which you shed an immense amount of the most brilliant Egyptian darkness!

5. Lastly, the quotations to which I am replying, you object to manifestations in the dark, and say, "they (the angels) came openly in the day."

Was it in the day when Jacob wrestled with the angel? Indeed, when it began to get light the angel plead like a good fellow for Jacob to let him go, "for the day breaketh." It was in the night when the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea. It was in the dark when Pharaoh's lynch pins were pulled out and he and his hosts were left to drown in the sea. Why did not the manna fall in the day time? Was it in the day when Jesus walked on the water? Have I not just proved that it was in the night when Peter and Paul and Silas were let out of prison? It was in the night when the phenomenon occurred that made you think Jesus' body was raised from the dead. It was in the night when God first talked with Samuel. If I had time and space, and it was necessary, I could go on and give you fifty other biblical manifestations which occurred in the nights, but if the above would not convince you a hundred others would not.

Now I will give you a week's rest; after which I will take up the more ridiculous and the more vemonous parts of your book. I am glad "mine adversary" has written a book. With a determination to give you biblical and moral light enough so that my skirts will be clear of your blood, I am, as ever, your friend.

Written for The Better Way.

A CATHOLIC MEDIUM.

BY J. G. P.

In 1880 there lived with us a young Catholic girl by the name of Maggie Kane. She was eighteen years of age, and a very nice girl indeed. She did all our work, was a good cook, washer and ironer, and her knowledge of housekeeping kept everything in order.

I sent to Boston and got a Planchette for our girls to do some spirit writing, and one evening Maggie, the servant girl, brought in her accustomed pitcher of ice water, and as she was about to leave the parlor she ventured to ask Annie and Georgia what that was upon which their hands were placed, and they replied it was a Planchette and asked her to put her hand upon it and see if the spirits would write for her. She complied with their request, though reluctantly. Now, said Annie, let us ask the spirits a question. "Spirits, how long before Maggie will get married?" and, to the astonishment of all, the Planchette wrote promptly, "within three years," and the prophecy was fulfilled, for in three years the girl was married to a young man who was then paying attention to her. Maggie said that was very queer, as she declared she did not do the writing. I then said, if the spirits can write as easily as that they can write with my pencil, and I handed her a long lead pencil, and from that time until the close of her mediumistic career she astonished everybody with the ease and readiness with which the spirits controled her hand to write, the prompt reply and correct answers given to the many questions asked of them.

Maggie at once became a very important personage in our family, and every evening was invited into the parlor to exhibit her spiritual powers and contributed much to our pleasure and enjoyment.

About a month after her first writing the spirits wrote on the paper as follows: "Friends, this medium is a Catholic, and if she will give up her religion we will make her one of the greatest mediums the world has ever seen." I replied to them that that was asking a good deal of a Catholic. "How long a time will you give her to consider the matter?" They replied, "two weeks." I said that was rather a short time to consider so grave and important a question, and to consult with friends as to the advisability of such a course. They then very promptly wrote: "If you think two weeks is too short a time, we will give three months, but during that time we will do no writing." We, of course, were compelled to accept the proposition made by the spirits, from which there was no appeal. I asked them the reason for this extraordinary demand, and they replied that "as soon as we have her finely developed she will unbosom her secret to the priest at confession, and he will tell her the devil is in it and to let it alone, which she will certainly do. Unless she complies implicitly with our demands, we shall go and hunt up another medium, who will not be a slave to her priest or minister."

At the end of three months all the family and medium were seated around the center table in the parlor, and Maggie took the pencil and the spirits wrote as follows: "We were all present at her confession at the Catholic Church the Sunday after the arrangement was made, and the result was just as we predicted. She told the Rev. Father all about it; he told her the devil was in it and to let it alone, which she promised to do."

Poor Maggie seemed very much grieved and depressed over the loss of her power to write, and, as stated by herself, would sit in her own room with pencil in hand an hour at a time, begging the spirits to come back and write for her, promising them everything but the surrender of her religion. But no, they could not be induced on any account to return.

I never saw a case like this before, and I have been a Spiritualist for more than twenty years.

One night in bed the spirit of a Catholic priest said to me: "You better change your will and leave a part of your property to the Catholic Church."

Well, I wonder sometimes if a Protestant spirit, deeply devoted to his religion and Church, would not have made the same request. We are selfish here, and that selfishness goes with us to the other side, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Maggie is now living very happily with her husband and four children, to whom she is devotedly attached. He is an engineer on a railroad in the State of New York, a very happy and prosperous man. Maggie having abandoned all desire to cultivate her mediumship; has not progressed any in spiritual wealth. Yet she tells me she is occasionally reminded of the presence of spirit friends.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Will you be so kind as to give your views on the moral status of the idiot. It may seem to be a far-fetched, unnatural question, but it is one which I have given much thought.

Is he a spiritual as well as a moral and intellectual nonentity? If man's only claim to immortality consists in his moral and intellectual attributes upon what can the idiot predicate his claims?

The question cannot be ignored, for he is abroad in the land. The old orthodox answer, "Where there is little given little is required," does not meet the issue, for here nothing is given but flesh and blood, and that can't inherit the kingdom. I ask this in no captious spirit, but only with a view to honost rearch.

THE BETTER WAY affords me weekly a real "feast of reason and flow of soul," and in reply to your request, I for one will say give us phenomena by all means. This is all I need to make me a Spiritualist, and nothing else will ever make me one. Paul and his descendants would be persecuting Christians to this day had it not been for that spiritual phenomena on his way to Damascus. But, see! I have written a letter, when I meant only to ask a short question.

MATT.

The moral status of the idiot, like any other mortal, depends upon the experience he has gained while in the flesh and the use he has made of that experience. All idiots are not so idiotic as not to know right from wrong. There is an inate moral impulse in every human being that manifests as love, and the idiot may have his loves as other beings have. His moral status is guaged in spirit according to how he fosters these. If he has inherited vicious traits and becomes dangerous to society he is cared for by society through the agency of asylums and where, being kept in check, his higher nature has a chance to unfold itself which will be to his credit when he gets out of the body. Natural born idiots are the effects of prenatal conditions—if but due to momentary discord on part of one or both of the parents. A quarrel accompanied by anger and followed by too affectionate a reconciliation may result in the birth of an idiotic child. Momentary intemperance or heedlessness after a pleasure party may have the same effect. Purity or love never produce ill effects or any discord with nature. Nearly all deformities in children are the fruits of momentary evil passions and are the tale bearers of something that should have been guarded against. The soul is perfect, though it may have discordant surroundings, even after leaving the physical body; for the spirit body may be yet unperfected—especially when severing itself from the physical at an early age or while in a vicious state. But this will be outgrown in time; and as the spirit reaches perfection, the soul becomes enabled to manifest intelligently or forcibly—just as it does or can through a perfect or purified physical body. Those who are born perfect and become idiotic in later years (except the causes are due to strictly physical diseases) may reach the other side as idiots; for in many instances it is due to discords in the spirit body developed through selfishness or passions indulged in secret, of which the world has not the remotest suspicion. Time, however, will straighten them out again as nature straightens out the bent limb of a tree. But, when very ill or crooked, years may be a blank to them, and often they have to be cared for by the spirit world as man cares for mortal idiots. Amiability and purity in all marriage relations lead to results compatible with these impulses and conditions—a perfect motherhood.

Good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended by some troublesome or unexpected circumstance.

Touch prayer with love and it becomes efficacious.

Written for The Better Way.

THE PENDING DUTY.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

It needs no prophetic ken to see the our so-called civilized society will soon be in a sea of trouble. The elements of disintegration are fast permeating. Conservative minds are seriously considering what can be done to forestall the crisis; radical minds are pondering the problem how they can give it impetus for reconstruction. The creed mongers are alarmed. Politicians tremble lest they go under with their party. Men cry out against agnosticism, against socialism, against secular education, as if these were the prime factors of the unrest. But few comprehend the fact that the "danger line" consists of capitolistic monopoly; that this is forging the chain that galls us to resistance; that here is the unseen rock on which the ship of state will split unless speedily removed with the dynamite of wise thought and action; that here is traceable the great social strike against "the powers that be," cropping out betimes in rashness, in undevout iconoclasm, in relentless revolution. Soon the Hellespont of our discontent cannot be longer controled. The causes at work must eventuate what will again try men's souls.

Viewing the situation in this light, as one of the veterans in radical reform, let me council with our spiritualistic brethren. The history of civilizing epochs is that where a nation attains a crisis in its affairs without a recognition of higher law, without a conscious sense of responsibility to a divine source and power, inevitably is hurled into chaos and ruin. What of the reign of terror in France one hundred years ago? The strike was for liberty, but liberty without the sanctity of the Holy Spirit of truth and righteousness changed to license that rioted and rotted down a nation. To darken yet more the cloud of implacable revolution, it was authoritatively written over the gateway of cemeteries—"Death is an eternal sleep!" Was not this free thought without a soul to save it? The aiders and abettors shared in the fate they provoked for others. Society broke down. There was no religion in the revolution. There was ideal expansion, but what a woeful, needless cost! An older book says: "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God." A truth underlies this statement, however it be warped by the dark glass of theology.

The spiritual of our being—this is ideal; this in affection; this embodied character is the saviorhood of society; this is our "pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night," as we journey from oppression to freedom.

If these views of conditions and relations are correct, it is high time the Spiritualists unite in strength of numbers and influence with the great army of agitators who are stirring things to their very foundation. It seems to me that Spiritualists are not in the line of the performance of their highest duty when they solace themselves with ideal pictures of the hereafter when they praise their gospel, but fail to embody it in radical reform and institution. The sooner they can comprehend the solemn obligations involved in the truth marking them as a "peculiar people" that they must inspire the heaving social mass with a lofty sense of moral accountability, with a genuineness of religion which has held men up in battle which has built up freer institutions on the ruins of the old; which has and ever will evolve purity of life and human brotherhood, the sooner then, repeats the song of the Bethlehem angels—"Peace on earth, good will to men

Let Spiritualists see how practical they can be; how just and constructive; how out of the social revolution; now how commencing they can lead humanity to that angel plane to which they are called and for which they aspire.

Written for The Better Way.

A Remedy for Hard Times.

DR. B. F. CLARK.

Organize an army of construction instead of destruction. Whereas there are many thousands of good people in this country now out of employment, and a great conflict going on between capital and labor, causing much suffering and threatening danger to life and property. Therefore, before these discontended elements become desperate, and in brotherly love and justice, let us apply the sure remedy, viz., work for the unemployed, by building useful public buildings in every town, city and state in the United States of America. Also construct canals, railroads, public parks, and every such thing that .the public requires for its comfort, health and prosperity.

These buildings and public works to be paid for by one dollar legal tender notes and fractions thereof, to be received for rents and the use of said buildings and works, to be canceled when received. This would leave the said buildings and works free of all incumbrances, for the people's use, free from taxes and rent, and give work to all of the unemployed.

Let Congress and every state legalize this remedy for hard times, and the whole country will prosper, and other nations will do the same, and all the world will be benefitted. What is good for one nation should be good for all nations, because we are all brothers in the broadest sense.

MATERIALIZATION IN THE WEST.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

My long trip on the Pacific coast has terminated and I am again at home in Chicago. How these long journeys make one appreciate home! After my last writing I visited several mediums and held a few good meetings. I had one private sitting with Elsie Reynolds, and a public and a private sitting with Mrs. Julia Fulton.

There are so many opinions about Mrs. Reynolds that I tried to be careful and impartial in investigations. I acknowledge that, if she is a trickster, she plays her tricks so well, that I cannot detect them. Her cabinet and her rooms seem honest enough. I see no way by which she could, if she would, smuggle spirits or persons in there. I examined the cabinet, the floor, the plastering, the wainscotting and everything pertaining to the room. If there were any secret doors or apertures, or false walls or floors, I failed to find them. And yet I was not satisfied. Three or four Indians out at once was not half as satisfactory as it would have been to have seen and recognixed my father, mother, brother, sister, or some friend whom I knew, who could and should have related to me something containing tests.

A little girl walked out from the cabinet, but she could not be induced to let go of the curtains or come farther than she could come partly hidden by the curtains; so it was not as satisfactory as I could have wished. I had the offer of other sittings, but could not find time to take them.

One thing in Mrs. Reynolds' favor is—those who know her best and have had the greatest number of sittings with her apparently believe the most thoroughly in her. Colonel Hopkins, an apparently much more than ordinarily intelligent man, has had more than a hundred sittings with her, some of them in his own house and under his own making. He believes as thoroughly in Mrs. Reynolds and the genuiness of her manifestations as he does in his existence. The same may be said of Dr. Gould of San Diego, and others. Others, whom I regard as equally honest and intelligent, regard Mrs. Reynolds as a first-class fraud.

Mrs. Fulton's public seance was not as satisfactory to me as the one with Mrs. Reynolds. She is new in the business. Only one form came out at a time and that looked more like an impersonation than a materialization. Yet many in the large circle were perfectly satisfied.

At a private seance, at her dinner table, the manifestations were fine. Twelve slates in all were piled upon each other; that is there were two piles of six slates; on several of these slates were messages—one from my departed wife, and, I think, in her hand writing. Another, from Jim G. Anderson, in his peculiar handwriting and his forms of phraseology. He referred to Elder Creel's attack on Spiritualism and my reply—a matter which occurred a year before he passed away from his native town. To crown all, he signed his name Bishop Anderson. When I lectured in his town, I called him the Bishop of the Northwestern Missouri Diocese, and have several times spoken of him as the bishop. A few months later, at a camp meeting he told me that he had never been able to get rid of the title I had given him. Said he, "The boys caught on, and it sticks." After that in his letters to me and in his talks with me he always referred to himself as the bishop, and frequently signed his name bishop. Mrs. Anderson was present at this little dinner party and received a communication from her husband on one of the slates, which was characteristic of him in every particular.

I also had one sitting with Mrs. Maxwell which, as a business sitting, was satisfactory.

I believe the climate, the atmosphere, everything on the Pacific Coast is calculated to develop mediumship; I fear, also, it has developed frauds.

June is an off month in San Francisco for meetings; that being the month when everybody who can goes out, especially on Sunday afternoons, yet our meetings were well attended, especially in the evenings;—the last one of the twenty-six meetings being, I think, fully as well attended as any of its predecessors. The enthusiasm was great at the conclusion of the meeting. I shook hands until my arm got tired, and nearly everyone said, "Come back as soon as possible." This I have promised to do. I have promised to attend the State Secular Union in Portland, Oregon, October 11, 12 and 13. I will then probably stay a month or two in Oregon, after which, if the Progressive Society of Spiritualists does not change its mind, I may spend some time in San Francisco; Mrs. Hull accompanying me.

The Spiritualist papers, The Golden Gate and Carrier Dove seem to be doing well. I believe the Dove Printing Co. think some of starting a weekly paper in connection with their monthly.

Of course the readers of your paper have seen the pleasant pages of the new paper at Summerland. Summerland is a growing colony of Spiritualists and, of course, feels that it needs an organ and has started the Reconstructor, with Prof. J. S. Loveland as editor. Mrs. Hamilton, the forewoman of New Thought, is manager of the mechanical department; of course, it is mechanically all that skill and such means as she has can make it.

Bro. Loveland has had but little experience as an editor, but as an essayist he cannot easily be excelled. The two numbers of the paper before me are brilliant and spicy. I hope it will meet with the success it deserves, and as the subscription is only $1.00 per year, it probably will. I have been in the publishing business so much that I cannot help extending condolence to everyone who embarks in such an enterprise.

I arrived home July 4th, glad after an eight months' absence to get back to my loved ones.

On the 6th I spoke at 116 Fifth avenue, this city. The audience was large, and though the discourse was neither argumentative nor eloquent, it was well received.

To-morrow, Mrs. Hull and I go to Hobart, Ind., to hold a grove meeting. I will allow her pen to tell the result next week.

Ever, in the Cause,

MOSES HULL.

Written for The Better Way.

WHAT A SKEPTIC SAW AT ONSET.

B. PRATT.

I.

In compliance with your request for reports of spirit manifestations of recent date, I will give, if desirable, my experience in investigating the phenomena at Onset, Mass., in July, 1889. But before preceeding to relate the manifestations I there witnessed, I desire to state the circumstances that induced me to undertake the investigation.

Like Paul I was brought up among the strictest set of the Pharisees. From infancy the rock-bound creed of New England orthodoxy was instilled into my mind by orthodox parents during the week and by orthodox sermons and sabbath schools on Sundays. The result was that my mind was so gorged with absurdities, I could not believe if I would, and would not if I could, that I rejected the whole thing from Genisis to Revelations, the good as well as the bad; the true as well as the false.

For nearly fifty years I was a sincere and outspoken infidel so-called, with no hope of heaven and no fear of hell; no belief in the Christians God and no fear of the Christian's devil. There was but one things in all the creeds I desired to believe and that was in a future or continued existence; but that was so interwoven with the absurdities of the Bible and having no evidence of it outside the Bible I had to reject it with all the rest.

At the advent of Spiritualism—more than forty years since—my hope revived that that might be able to demonstrate the fact of immortality. I therefore welcomed it with gladness, and embraced what limited opportunities I had to witness the phenomena and investigate its claims of truth. My search for the evidence I desired was entirely fruitless. The unsatisfactory—often I fear deceptive manifestations—I had the opportunity to witness not only failed to convince me of the reality of what it claimed to prove, but more strongly, if possible, confirmed me in my previous opinions.

In March, 1889, a beloved wife with whom I had lived for nearly forty years, passed through the change we erroneously call death. I firmly believed that when the cold earth closed over that form I had so long known and loved, that all she was or had been lay buried in that narrow abode. The desire to be convinced that such was not the fact came with an intensity I had never before felt, and with it a resolve that if the evidence of a continued life beyond this earthly sphere of care and toil could be had anywhere I would seek it, and if possible be convinced that my life-long opinion had been erroneous; my life-long hope not without foundation.

In May I went east to visit friends from whom I had long been absent, and knowing that Boston was a sort of headquarters for Spiritualism, I decided when I arrived there to seek such evidence of the truth of what I desired as I might be able to find. I looked up the address of advertised mediums and meetings and went to many of them. I however failed to obtain any satisfactory evidence I sought for. I left the last circle I attended there with a complete disgust of the whole business, and a wholesome determination to never again outrage my common sense—if I had any—in following up any such foolery.

Justice to Boston mediums requires me to state that all of the best mediums were then out of the city attending the different camp meetings then being held in New England, so that a first class medium could not be found in the city, at least I did not find one.

A few days thereafter in looking over The Banner of Light, I saw a communication from Onset, Mass., relating what marvellous manifestations were being witnessed through or by some of the mediums at that camp ground. What was therein stated so far surpassed anything I had ever seen or believed to be possible that I concluded to go there and ascertain for myself whether such things were true, or like all else I had seen, in my opinion—a delusion or a fraud. Accordingly the next morning I took passage on the Old Colony Railroad for Onset, 52½ miles from Boston, but so little faith had I in what I should there find, that I did not take even a change of collars with me, supposing from all past experience, I should be sufficiently disgusted with it in a day or two to return to Boston.

Onset is a beautiful sea side resort, situated on a bay of the same name. The site was purchased by a company of Spiritualists several years ago and annual camp meetings have since been held there. It is a pretty, quiet place of some 400 cottages, scattered through a native oak grove and is a delightful place to spend the summer in, regardless of the inducements held out by Spiritualist meetings. A great many of the best mediums for all phases of manifestation were there from nearly all parts of the United States, and one desiring to honestly investigate the claims and truths of Spiritualism can in my opinion find no better place to do it.

With this somewhat extended preliminary I will try in my next to relate some of the wonderful things I there saw and heard, during a sixteen days investigation.

WONDERFUL SLATE WRITING.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

As I have had the pleasure of witnessing some independent slate writing through W. R. Colby of San Francisco, Cal., I feel that it would be no more than justice to investigators to give my experience with him. As good and trustworthy mediums are not very numerous, whenever they prove themselves to be such, it would be well for the public to know of them. Mr. Colby's phases of mediumship are what is known as inspirational speaking, clairvoyance, clairaudience and independent slate writing. The latter being remarkable for the variety of colors produced, and the rapidity of execution. There is neither pencil or crayon used and where the colors come from is a mystery, as I counted twelve shades of colors on one slate.

On Sunday evening, June 29th, after answering for one hour questions that were handed to him by the audience, and giving several tests of spirit presence, he produced two small slates about 6x8 inches in size, and passed among the audience showing them so that they might see for themselves that they were free from writing, although he stated that even if he should obtain anything it would be no test to a great many, as he furnished the slates himself, but he wanted them to express their honest opinions either for or against him, as that would draw attention to it and cause people to investigate for themselves. He then placed the two slates together with a rubber band around them, and calling a lady from the audience to hold the slates with him, in less than fifteen seconds he opened the slates, they contained thirty-one names besides a spray of flowers. The names and flowers were in a variety of colors and every name was recognized.

On the next day I obtained two large slates full of writing and flowers from friends to whom I had written, no relationship being given in my questions but the true relationship was given in the answer. Six messages from friends to whom I had written and one from my mother whom I supposed to be living but I have since found out that her message to me telling me of her death was true.

As Mr. Colby will visit the eastern camps during the summer there will be a grand chance for investigators to satisfy themselves of the proof of spirit return such as they do not often have.

Yours truly, C. M. POTTER

MATERIALIZATION—SPIRIT COMMUNION.

To the Editor of The Better Way

A record of many remarkable occurrences and prophecies that have been literally fulfillled during the last thirty years, as found in many of my large books, over two hundred pages, will present your readers with some from or through the Eddy brothers—my neighbors—and the first materializing of any on record during this century: Seances were freely given by Horatio and William Eddy, soon followed by the Davenports, of Buffalo, N. Y.

At one seance, held the 20th of December at 8 p. m., 204 W. Thirty-fourth street, New York, opened at the rooms of the Eddy Brothers. During this session of ninety minutes over twenty spirits—earth friends—appeared in a materialized form before a select audience, convincing them of a continued existence beyond the grave. The first spirit, in a materialized body, came forth from the cabinet, robed in pure white, saluting all with greetings of true and good will, while a little back we caught the glimpse of a little child spirit, near where William sat alone. All the forms appeared in front of the curtain, in the old style of dress in the age they lived. But more in white than dark colors.

During this seance E. V. Wilson, a well-known speaker, manifested his presence, dressed in a dark gray suit, white vest and cravat. His personal appearance and voice represented the venerable departed Wilson, and a clean white set of teeth, as he spoke, and long fleecing white beard. Only a short time before, all rode together, separated at Brooklyn ferry, and only nine days after his demise, at a free public meeting, conversed at "Shepherd Home," Rutland, Vermont, controled my wife, Dr. Mary Jewett, who personated this departed seer, in voice and elocution, as if in his own original body. Tears flowed from the eyes of those who knew him in earth form, and his allusion to the name Jesus, a fine portrait, life size bust, that hung behind the audience commenced to move and rattle, which caused the audience to look up that way, and an other, of his own gift, a picture of Wilson, also one time rattled in this seance room as he spoke or passed it. To return at the Eddy meeting, this stately form, while in the cabinet called my name. We met outside, with extended hands, a cordial grasp ensued, some exchange of words between, us, then returned a call for Dr. Jewett. My amazement was so great, could think of nothing clearly that was spoken during the last interview, then a spirit called out, "Jacco," just before it reached the doorway, was acting, one of my controlling spirits, and a band of twenty-four Indians, when the healing process is at work. This spirit bore the tall, full form and features of the first spirit that honored me with a likeness, as on earth. Through arrangements first made by his friend, King Phillip, through the mediumship of the spirit artist, Pet Anderson, in New York, September, 1868. This Jacco has often been described as seen standing by my side, arranged in plumes and feathers. I have photos from the original in my room here, and it's some time since he gave me his earth history, as chief of one-half a tribe, that settled on Platt River near Fort Laramie. In 1870, as I was to pass through his old dominion, which in Vermont he promised voluntarily to influence one of the squaws of his tribe to come and speak to, and shake hands, while on the rail. This prediction was fully verified. As the train made a halt at Fort Laramie, not thinking of the prophecy, as I leaned over, at the entrance of a car, some ten rods away, I saw an Indian woman standing near the train alone. She caught a glimpse of me, and instantly came on the trot, and as she landed on the platform, gave a friendly salute and took me by the hand. It then seemed so strange, that nothing of the kind ever before or since, had happened to anyone, as an entire stranger. I returned to my seat dismayed. But after this it came to me the promise made at the Eddy seance. The next spirit that appeared was Uncle Parker Cleveland, formerly of Middlebury, Vt. He wore a gray suit, exhibited his bushy head of very white hair, a short white beard, little bowed over approaching, called for me by name and says: "Do you know me?" I seem to know you, was the reply. In the voice of an old man "where did you see Rosmond?" Now I recognized Uncle Parker; am made happy in this meeting you have here. Then followed the customary shakings, and then Parker said: "Perhaps you do not care to see Rosamond?" Oh, yes, Uncle, she has presented many kindnesses; I met her in Welliston. "When you next see or write, tell her I am in good health and am happy." The materialization terminated this interview.

Uncle Parker left the earthly tabernacle in 1875, near the Eddys in Chittenden, Vt., the funeral services were held in Cleveland's own house. A Methodist clergyman was present to act as chaplain. There were assembled about fifty, besides the Eddy family of sons and daughters—physical mediums—gathered in an adjoining room where the corpse lay. As soon as Wm. Eddy was entranced, out steps before the audience a tall spirit, fully six feet in heigth,—rather glided along noiselessly—and delivered a wonderful funeral discourse, which occupied one hour, and then disappeared. The clergyman had nothing to say, but remained till the procession was formed to lay by the remains in a grave.

Now dear readers, were not these manifestations preliminary? When a spirit appears in the form of an earthly soul, clothed in an earthly form of dress, and then officiates on the platform in the presence of an audience, to deliver a lengthy discouse by word of mouth, in this nineteenth century. A son of this officiating spirit was present and declared that he knew him to be his father who lived and died on the west side of Lake Champlain, and was favorably known as "the Reverend Mr. Brown." His son had taken one of the Eddy girls to wife, a lawful consort.

Respectfully submitted,

SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

True Spiritual Organization

Is the putting of people with the right temperaments in the proper place. The spirit world always does so, but our "organizers" generally fancy they know better. A true spiritual worker cannot be "voted for;" he or she takes his or her place without any voting, and all the votes of the would-be wise cannot displace the one whom heaven has ordained for a certain work. On this account I have called some meddlers in Spiritualism "wasters," because with their political and sectarian methods they upset and spoil all true spiritual work, by introducing an unspiritual and artificial order of things. Chiefly inspired with feelings of egotism or self-interest, the most unfit persons put themselves forward, or use others as cat's-paws to nominate them, and hence our "organization" tactics are in direct opposition to spiritual law and requirements, and one after another they are made to bite the dust in the lowest humility of defeat. Medium and Daybreak.

The estimated surface of the great Forth bridge to be painted is equal to twenty acres.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the Liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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CINCINNATI - - - - - JULY 26, 1890

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POLITICAL SIFTING.

The appended paragraphs contain in brief the principles of Henry Georgeism, so-called, also a political or reform movement struggling for existence, and like many others of its kind, claiming recognition on a point worthy of consideration—the single tax measure. THE BETTER WAY though neither a political nor a party organ, is aiming to centralize or adjust all the good there is in politics and scatter that which from an independent standpoint seems unfair, unjust and unliberal or bigotted. And being independent without favorites in the political arena, the good becomes more apparent accompanied by an easier conscience to criticise. Disapprobation of a party act does not always mean opposition to the party; nor a favorable comment allegiance. Both of the old parties in power have done their share of good, but are subject to criticism nevertheless. Not only because they have blundered, but this in the belief that the opposition had not equal rights with them. Whatever a man's political hue, he cannot be debarred from the rights accorded to him as a citizen. But when parties govern too long they become imperious and believe they have an inherited right to the governmental reins. Gerrymandering and law making that is intended to outgeneral another party is unrepublican—it is political robbery—it is like the demand to "believe or be damned." When such diplomacy begins a new party is in order. If we are to have a republic, let it be a perfect one. There are numerous political sects now clamoring for recognition, all having claims that are good and just, and among them the above named. Although it does not reach the standard of all political thinkers, it can grow, or amalgamate with others that embrace a wider scope, and therein become a factor to a higher and better party than ever the old ones were. Old-fogyism is the bane to progress, and a new idea is its natural enemy. There is more old-fogyism in the Republican party as a national party than in the Democratic party as such, while there is more of the same element in local Democracy in some sections than there is in local Republicanism, and both the result of too long a reign. Is it not time for a general change? Henry Georgeism offers a brick for the new structure. Nationalism, the Farmers' Alliance, the Laborers Union, and other organizations furnish some new ideas towards the future structure. But they need centralizing; and Spiritualism will aid any movement that promises perfect liberty of conscience—politically, socially and religiously. We have published the platforms or principles of the latter named organizations before, and here are those of the Henry Georgeians:

The single tax. This means the abolition of all taxes on labor or the products of labor, that is to say, the abolition of all taxes save one tax levied on the value of land irrespective of improvements.

Free trade. Not "tarriff reform," but real free trade; that is, as perfect freedom of trade with all the world as now exists between the states of our union.

Ballot reform. No humbug envelope system; but the real Australian system, the first requisite of which is the exclusive use at elections of official ballots furnished by a state and prepared and cast by the voter in compulsory secrecy.

Now that Mr. Blaine and the President have parted company with likelihood of the former's resignation from the Cabinet, and like Mr. Reed has an eye on the Presidency, when but one is wanted, there is a chance for a third party to invite a good nomination. Mr. Blaine has proved himself an efficient and wise diplomat and would make an excellent President, besides laying a lasting foundation for the party that nominates him. Even the Democracy might win with him if they tried.

Some people hold on to their prejudices like a miser does to his gold.

A NEW APPORTIONMENT.

A new apportionment bill is in embryo, based on the new census. It is to be made to the several states upon the basis of their population and the ratio to be established by the present House of Representatives. The aggregate population of the country will be about 64,000,000. Upon the basis of 200,000 the House would be 320, but it is contemplated to make the ratio about 190,000, which leaves the House about as it is. The bill will provide that the members of the 52d Congress shall be elected either in the same districs as the last, or in the districts now existing, but that additional members to which the several states are entitled shall be elected at large, and provisions made for cases where reduction in members is the result of the new census. This will veto the gerrymanders that have been made since the 51st Congress was elected; increase the representation in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon, Colorado, California, Wisconsin and one Dakota; and decrease the southern representation by about 15 votes. After that election the legislature of the different states can reapportion their states to adjust themselves to the new census. This plan, when put into execution will strengthen the Republican House, thus shutting out the Farmers' Alliance, the Laborers Union, and other third parties all the more effectually. Such are politics. Those in power think possession is nine points of the law.

COUNTING UNHATCHED CHICKENS.

Politicians are already figuring on the coming presidential contest. As the electoral vote will probably be 420, it will take 211 to a choice. The Republicans claim 198, and the Democrats 168 as a sure vote, leaving New York, Indiana and Montana with 54 votes as doubtful. With either of the first named, the Republicans can win, while the Democrats need both states. But it is also whispered that the Democrats feel so sure about these two states that the Republicans in consequence have hurried some new states into the union and an election bill through Congress to aid them; i. e., to make up for the loss of these two states. But this is all speculation as yet, for a political revolution may take place before that time, which will upset the plans of both of the old parties in power at present. If not by the ascension of a third party to power, at least by a change in the electoral count that might be somewhat of a surprise all around. For supposing some of the states should have a majority in favor of electors for a Prohibition, Labor or a Farmers' Alliance candidate, which is possible, what are the old parties going to substitute therefore? There will have been a miscalcution made somewhere, and much sanguinity converted into disappointment.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Lord Wolseley evidently thinks that the talk about war between England and the United States in regard to the Behring sea dispute has been carried quite far enough. In a letter received at Baltimore Lord Wolseley says:

"The closer the bonds of union between mother and child, England and the United States, the better it will be for both, for our race, and, indeed, for civilization. Those who rant about causes of quarrel between us are no friends to either nation, or to humanity. There must never be war between us, no matter how much either or both may be egged on by those who hate the English race and would therefore like to see us at one another's throat..'

This is about the opinion of the average American citizen. Business should alone suffice to prevent a war, and it will. Wounded dignity does not belong to this age. There is too much sentimentalism in it, which doesn't pay. The only thing that will make John Bull and Uncle Sam fight is to wound their pocket book, and this both sides guard individually with the utmost care, thus making a war almost an impossibility.

MEDIUMISTIC TRIALS.

Mediumship is like an individual life entity that has come into existence to stay. It is an effect of evolution in or out of the human constitution, and once born, cannot be destroyed, annihitated again, or even held in abeyance. It will assert itself despite ones self, and those who are troubled with it, must submit to its enfoldment—or suffer. That is, they must live in accordance with is demands—in harmony with nature, physically, mentally and morally. If not, they will meet with reverses, both materially and spiritually—suffer physical and mental pain. In its unfoldment, it is often severe on the physical body; for in its growth it forces out the impurities existing in the same, somewhat unnaturally or abnormally rapid, but the result of this mediumistic perfection is physical and spiritual health—the reward promised all mediums during their trials and physical sufferings.

The Farmer's Alliance of North Carolina demand from all candidates for office to sign in the presence of witnesses what they pledge themselves for. They have no more confidence in political promises.

You can never offend people by praising them. And as it costs nothing to do so, give all who deserve it their just dues.

SUNDAY LAWS AGAIN.

Although the Blair bill was defeated, the sabbatharians, who backed this unliberal measure, do not seem to be discouraged and are again organizing for an attack on Congress. Eternal vigilence is the price of Sunday liberty now, and it would be well for the liberal element everywhere to be on the alert if counteraction is needed. The struggle between these two elements regarding the opening and closing of the World's Fair at Chicago on Sunday is already in active operation, and it is to be hoped that sentimentalism will not be permitted to close the gates on the only day that working people are enabled to attend. Let Sunday be a day of recreation—not of fasting and prayer.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The admisson of Wyoming, with its female suffrage into the union is a virtual acknowledgement or endorsement of the same by the general government, and should entitle women in all states to vote at the next presidential election without a special amendment for that effect. If not this, it is an acknowledgement of states' rights; and if one state has the right to give a class suffrage not in accordance with the United States Constitution, others have the right to give Chinese or Indians suffrage or debar a class from voting if it so behooves the state legislature. Was this a blunder or a convenient oversight in favor of the gentler sex?

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

At the convention of Swedenborgians held in Chicago recently, the Reverend Chauncey Giles, the presiding officer, in reply to questions put by a press representative, made, among others, the statement regarding the belief of his denomination; that the good in the hereafter will become happier and happier forever, while the wicked, though they will not become happier, will become less and less miserable forever.

It may be argued that voting for a new party in a general election is throwing away one's vote. Supposing it is. Must not some sacrifice their votes to give birth to a new movement. If all thought it useless to cast their vote on a venture or an experiment, how could we ever progress governmentally? It is this trial which leads to desired results. Either it gives the incentive for a continued venture, if numbers warrant it, or it invites recognition by one of the parties in power, and either one may serve the purpose aimed at.

It would be a curious thing to see the Republicans nominate a southern Democrat as vice president, and the Democrats nominate Mr. Blaine as President. It might result in the consolidation of the two parties or create an entirely new one.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn has been invited to lecture in Victoria, B. C.

Hon. Wm. Bowley, of Melbourne, Australia, arrived in this city last Saturday by the steamer Mariposa. This is his third or fourth visit to this Coast. Judge Bowley is an intelligent believer in the fundamental facts of Spiritualism; and expects to spend much of his time on the Coast in the future.—Golden Gate.

The Chattanooga Evening News gives an interesting account of the Lookout Mountain camp meeting.

Dr. C. M. Brown, former editor of the Eastern Star, has located in Summerland, Cal., and is now connected with The Reconstructor.

J. H. P.—Will appear in next issue if nothing unlooked for prevents.

A. M. M.—Very good—thanks—will see the light in next issue.

After Rev. E. P. Foster's resignation from Storrs Congregational church in this city he said: "I do not believe in leaving religion at the church door on Sunday, but want to see it carried into our business and social relations, and that is Christian Socialism." He also said that he would now write for a living and preach on Sunday wherever he can find a hall.

Bro. Kates and wife are doing good work in Topeka, Kas.

A car loaded with 1600 kegs of powder exploded at King's Station, 27 miles from Cincinnati, on the 15th inst., demolishing the depot, King's mills, near by, and shattering nearly every chimney and window in the place. Ten persons were killed outright, 13 severely injured, and 14 otherwise hurt.

Mr. J. H. Wright, our treasurer, who has been on a visit to Lookout Mountain, has returned safe and sound, and speaks in glowing terms of the kind welcome received there.

Mrs. Ruffin, Dunklee, Wright, Stowell and Kibby of this city, left on Thursday for Lily Dale to spend the entire season at that favorite camp ground. We wish them an abundant harvest of things good for the soul, and so does everybody else who know these ladies.

Affairs among the London postmen have resumed their normal condition, and the deliveries of the mails are proceeding without interruption. Four hundred and thirty-five men have been dismissed from the service for the part they took in the recent troubles, and Postmaster-General Raikes declines to reinstate any of them.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Munich carriage is propelled by gas.

Victoria, B. C., masons will not work with Chinese.

A movement has been started to secure a portrait bust of Susan B. Anthony for the world's fair.

A double deck electric car, capable of carrying 175 persons, is being experimented with in Pittsburg.

As soon as the land forfeiture matter is disposed of by the House, the original package bill will be taken up.

Mr. Frederic White, of Boston, proposes to spend $10,000 annually in the work of promulgating Nationalism.

Easton, Pa., has an artificial ice factory which turns out twelve tons of ice a day. The ice is sold at fifty cents per hundred weight.

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London has had this month a surfeit of sensations. Partial mutinies occurred in succession in the police force, the Grenadier Guards and the postal service. Timid folk barred their doors and windows in the belief that a reign of anarchy was about to begin, but at no time and in no direction was there any real danger. The so-called military mutiny resolved itself into a barrack yard squabble; the police mutiny proved to be of contemptible proportions, and the postmen's agitation collapsed in a ludicrous fashion upon the first show of firmness by the authorities.

Boise County, Idaho, has a remarkable sheep, the property of James Johnson, of Round Valley, which was a year old on the 22d of May. It has but two legs, both on the hinder part of the body, and constantly walks erect, much after the manner of a kangaroo. The legs and tail are smooth as those of a dog, not showing the least trace of wool. The head is woolly and is provided with but one eye, which solitary optic is set in the center of the head. The neck has a good showing of feathers, resembling those of the guinea fowl. The shoulders and place where the forelegs should be are as woolly as the head, extending back to where the smooth, dog-like hair begins.

Sarah Miller, a woman of malodcrous reputation, has made Bloomville her home, and so conducted herself as to arouse the indignation of the citizens. On Wednesday night her house was visited by a crowd of citizens, her room broken open and the poor creature dragged from her bed, stripped of her clothes, and smeared from head to foot with tar. She was then ordered to leave town, which she did, going to Attica, where she placed the matter in the hands of an attorney. She claims to have recognized several of her assailants. Detectives are engaged on the case, and developments promise to be interesting to a number of the people of Bloomville. The victim is said to be scarcely more than half witted.—Cleveland Leader.

After a sojourn of many months among the Druses of Lebanon, the Rev. Haskett Smith, M. A., rector of Braunceswell, in Lincolnshire, is about to return with an important discovery made under romantic circumstances, concerning that mysterious people, who are supposed to be the lineal descendants of the Hitites. It appears that Mr. Smith was admitted to the most secret intimacy with the Druses through having saved the life of a popular young man by sucking the venom of a deadly snake-bite from his body. He was initiated into a number of mysterious rites, hither unknown to any foreigner, and among these the natives startled him; as a Freemason, by passing the most characteristic of masonic signs. Hence this adventurous clergyman argues that the Druses are none other than a branch of the great Phœnician race, whose ancestors supplied the Lebanon cedars to the builders of King Solomon's temple.

Many a young man who frequently adorns himself with knickerbockers, flannel shirts and caps, and trundles over the city streets and a bicycle, will be surprised to learn that there is a man in this town whose claims to being a wheelman throw his into the shade. This person in question has the unique distinction of living on wheels. In fact, wheels take the place of legs so far as he is concerned, for his lower limbs are missing. A legless man getting about town by swinging himself along on his hands may be seen every now and then; but in the case of this particular citizen a sort of framework has been fitted to his body. It is equipped with four small wheels, and its owner propels himself along by means of his hands, in each of which he carrirs a sort of handle adapted to getting a firm hold on the pavement. He came down Broadway a day or two ago, and received a great deal of attention from the gamins who frequent City Hall Park. But his misfortune evidently had not soured his temper, for he joked with the youngsters, and seemed to be in the best of humor as he slowly rolled himself along. He had a stock of lead pencils and shoe strings, and appeared to be as well able to care for himself as are a good many men who go about this world on a full equipment of legs.—N. Y. Times.

A Scotchman, who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland, came to the United States in his last years and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railroad through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon!" said he to the spokesman of the scheme; "ye canna build a r'alway across this kentry!" "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not?" he repeated, with an air of settling the whole matter; "why not? And dinna ye see the kentry's as flat as a flure, and you have naw place whatever to run your toonnels through?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

OUR CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENT.

Concerning the United States treaty with China, W. W. Judson, in *Carrier Dove*, among other things, writes:

"Last July Chang Yen Hoon, representing the Chinese Government, wrote to Secretary Blaine, expressing amazement that the Supreme Court had affirmed the Exclusion Act. He had not been prepared to learn that this country was governed in a way whereby the government could release itself from a treaty obligation without consultation with or the consent of the other party.

"There are in the United States very few who can and do sympathize with Chang Yen Hoon in his astonishment at the gyrating performances of this government, but Chang Yen Hoon must understand that this government is in the hands of unprincipled Christians and a set of vagabond politicians who wear the mask of that popular religion.

"The few philosophers who would strictly fullfill all and every national treaty obligation are never elected or appointed to fill offices of honor or trust in the United States, but somewhat like the foreign Chinese heathen, they are considered and treated as domestic infidel heathens, and more or less dangerous to a Christian or Godly government.

"To a person out of the woods there appears a ludicrous side to this Christian-Chinese episode; it shows that Christianity bit off too large a piece and is on exhibition with extended jaws, mouth full of heathen too tough to chew up and too bulky to spit out."

What more can be expected from old-fogyism that thinks more of its church creed and how to get God in the constitution, enact Sunday laws, gag the press, imprison mediums, etc., than looking to the welfare and happiness of its people.

LITERARY.

A New Cook Book.—Being a prize essay by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel.

To this essay was awarded the first prize among seventy competitors, and the unanimous opinion of the able Judges of Award, and testimonials from members of the American Public Health Association, prove that it is a work of great practical value, and that it would in many cases assist in securing to families health, comfort and happiness in life, if it could be placed in their hands. It would be of immediate and permanent benefit, and especially assist in bettering the condition of those for whom it is principally intended.

While the economic character of the book makes it especially adapted to persons of moderate and small means, it will prove useful in every household, and while it would be helpful to experienced housekeepers, it will prove also especially so to those who sometimes without much knowledge or experience in domestic life and duties enter married life. Prices: English text, bound in cloth, 40 cents; German text, 60 cents.

Above prices include the prepayment of postage or express charges. Special prices will be made for larger quantities. For sale at bookstores, or on application to Essay Department American Public Health Association, P. O. Drawer 289, Rochester, N. Y.

The Problem of Life, W. J. Colville's monthly, has temporarily removed its headquarters to the Equity Publishing Co., 9 West 14th street, New York—its editor lecturing thereabouts.

A New Phase.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

While in Seattle, Wash., recently I met a medium, a lady who possesses a phase of mediumship that I have never before known of. I did not think to ask if she could get the manifestation when sitting alone, or whether the three friends who sit with her are necessary to the result, but she is the medium without which it cannot be done.

In the cause named, and previously, four persons, counting the medium, sit at a stand. Pencil and paper are at hand. The paper is placed upon the stand and the medium holds the pencil over it with the point just touching it. The others hold their fingers lightly upon the stand. The pencil in the medium's hand remains stationary while the stand moves, and by its upward pressure upon the pencil point, does the writing. Several communications have been received in this way from friends who signed their names in full. The last Sunday night in April one was received from a friend of whom they were not thinking, but from whom they were very glad to hear.

This lady, Mrs. J. V. Taylor, corner of Main and Fourteenth streets, is not a public medium, and the idea of fraud is simply out of the question. All who know her respect her. Will wonders never cease?—Carrier Dove.

We are generally most impatient with faults that are like our own.

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

Toledo, O., January 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents. Aug 9

THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.,
Southwest Cor. Plum & McFarland Streets.

A. F. MELCHERS - - - - - - EDITOR

CINCINNATI - - - - - - JULY 26, 1890

At Two Dollars per year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and a Half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application. In the United States THE BETTER WAY will be sent Six Months for One Dollar.

THE BETTER WAY cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once interdicted.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonorable or unworthy of action.

When the post office address of THE BETTER WAY is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE BETTER WAY goes to press every Wednesday.

NOTICE!

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed, and money orders made payable to,

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.,
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CINCINNATI, O.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Look at the tag on your paper; if your time has expired we request an early remittance for continuance. We pay cash for all work, hence it is necessary that you should respond promply if you desire the paper to visit you weekly. We trust all readers will examine their tags, and if $2.00 cannot be spared send us $1.00 when due.

POLITICAL SIFTING.

The appended paragraphs contain in brief the principles of Henry Georgeism, so-called, also a political or reform movement struggling for existence, and like many others of its kind, claiming recognition on a point worthy of consideration—the single tax measure. THE BETTER WAY though neither a political nor a party organ, is aiming to centralize or adjust all the good there is in politics and scatter that which from an independent standpoint seems unfair, unjust and unliberal or bigotted. And being independent without favorites in the political arena, the good becomes more apparent accompanied by an easier conscience to criticise. Disapprobation of a party act does not always mean opposition to the party; nor a favorable comment allegiance. Both of the old parties in power have done their share of good, but are subject to criticism nevertheless. Not only because they have blundered, but this in the belief that the opposition had not equal rights with them. Whatever a man's political hue, he cannot be debarred from the rights accorded to him as a citizen. But when parties govern too long they become imperious and believe they have an inherited right to the governmental reins. Gerrymandering and law making that is intended to outgeneral another party is unrepublican—it is political robbery—it is like the demand to "believe or be damned." When such diplomacy begins a new party is in order. If we are to have a republic, let it be a perfect one. There are numerous political sects now clamoring for recognition, all having claims that are good and just, and among them the above named. Although it does not reach the standard of all political thinkers, it can grow, or amalgamate with others that embrace a wider scope, and therein become a factor to a higher and better party than ever the old ones were. Old-fogyism is the bane to progress, and a new idea is its natural enemy. There is more old-fogyism in the Republican party as a national party than in the Democratic party as such, while there is more of the same element in local Democracy in some sections than there is in local Republicanism, and both the result of too long a reign. Is it not time for a general change? Henry Georgeism offers a brick for the new structure. Nationalism, the Farmers' Alliance, the Laborers Union, and other organizations furnish some new ideas towards the future structure. But they need centralizing; and Spiritualism will aid any movement that promises perfect liberty of conscience—politically, socially and religiously. We have published the platforms or principles of the latter named organizations before, and here are those of the Henry Georgeians:

The single tax. This means the abolition of all taxes on labor or the products of labor, that is to say, the abolition of all taxes save one tax levied on the value of land irrespective of improvements.

Free trade. Not "tarrif reform," but real free trade; that is, as perfect freedom of trade with all the world as now exists between the states of our union.

Ballot reform. No humbug envelope system; but the real Australian system, the first requisite of which is the exclusive use at elections of official ballots furnished by a state and prepared and cast by the voter in compulsory secrecy.

Now that Mr. Blaine and the President have parted company with likelihood of the former's resignation from the Cabinet, and like Mr. Reed has an eye on the Presidency, when but one is wanted, there is a chance for a third party to invite a good nomination. Mr. Blaine has proved himself an efficient and wise diplomat and would make an excellent President, besides laying a lasting foundation for the party that nominates him. Even the Democracy might win with him if they tried.

Some people hold on to their prejudices like a miser does to his gold.

A NEW APPORTIONMENT.

A new apportionment bill is in embryo, based on the new census. It is to be made to the several states upon the basis of their population and the ratio to be established by the present House of Representatives. The aggregate population of the country will be about 64,000,000. Upon the basis of 200,000 the House would be 320, but it is contemplated to make the ratio about 190,000, which leaves the House about as it is. The bill will provide that the members of the 52d Congress shall be elected either in the same districs as the last, or in the districts now existing, but that additional members to which the several states are entitled shall be elected at large, and provisions made for cases where reduction in members is the result of the new census. This will veto the gerrymanders that have been made since the 51st Congress was elected; increase the representation in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon, Colorado, California, Wisconsin and one Dakota; and decrease the southern representation by about 15 votes. After that election the legislature of the different states can reapportion their states to adjust themselves to the new census. This plan, when put into execution will strengthen the Republican House, thus shutting out the Farmers' Alliance, the Laborers Union, and other third parties all the more effectually. Such are politics. Those in power think possession is nine points of the law.

COUNTING UNHATCHED CHICKENS.

Politicians are already figuring on the coming presidential contest. As the electoral vote will probably be 420, it will take 211 to a choice. The Republicans claim 198, and the Democrats 168 as a sure vote, leaving New York, Indiana and Montana with 54 votes as doubtful. With either of the first named, the Republicans can win, while the Democrats need both states. But it is also whispered that the Democrats feel so sure about these two states that the Republicans in consequence have hurried some new states into the union and an election bill through Congress to aid them; i. e., to make up for the loss of these two states. But this is all speculation as yet, for a political revolution may take place before that time, which will upset the plans of both of the old parties in power at present. If not by the ascension of a third party to power, at least by a change in the electoral count that might be somewhat of a surprise all around. For supposing some of the states should have a majority in favor of electors for a Prohibition, Labor or a Farmers' Alliance candidate, which is possible, what are the old parties going to substitute therefore? There will have been a miscalcution made somewhere, and much sanguinity converted into disappointment.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Lord Wolseley evidently thinks that the talk about war between England and the United States in regard to the Behring sea dispute has been carried quite far enough. In a letter received at Baltimore Lord Wolseley says:

"The closer the bonds of union between mother and child, England and the United States, the better it will be for both, for our race, and, indeed, for civilization. Those who rant about causes of quarrel between us are no friends to either nation, or to humanity. There must never be war between us, no matter how much either or both may be egged on by those who hate the English race and would therefore like to see us at one another's throat..'

This is about the opinion of the average American citizen. Business should alone suffice to prevent a war, and it will. Wounded dignity does not belong to this age. There is too much sentimentalism in it, which doesn't pay. The only thing that will make John Bull and Uncle Sam fight is to wound their pocket book, and this both sides guard individually with the utmost care, thus making a war almost an impossibility.

MEDIUMISTIC TRIALS.

Mediumship is like an individual life entity that has come into existence to stay. It is an effect of evolution in or out of the human constitution, and once born, cannot be destroyed, annihitated again, or even held in abeyance. It will assert itself despite ones self, and those who are troubled with it, must submit to its enfoldment—or suffer. That is, they must live in accordance with is demands—in harmony with nature, physically, mentally and morally. If not, they will meet with reverses, both materially and spiritually—suffer physical and mental pain. In its unfoldment, it is often severe on the physical body; for in its growth it forces out the impurities existing in the same, somewhat unnaturally or abnormally rapid, but the result of this mediumistic perfection is physical and spiritual health—the reward promised all mediums during their trials and physical sufferings.

The Farmer's Alliance of North Carolina demand from all candidates for office to sign in the presence of witnesses what they pledge themselves for. They have no more confidence in political promises.

You can never offend people by praising them. And as it costs nothing to do so, give all who deserve it their just dues.

SUNDAY LAWS AGAIN.

Although the Blair bill was defeated, the sabbatharians, who backed this unliberal measure, do not seem to be discouraged and are again organizing for an attack on Congress. Eternal vigilence is the price of Sunday liberty now, and it would be well for the liberal element everywhere to be on the alert if counteraction is needed. The struggle between these two elements regarding the opening and closing of the World's Fair at Chicago on Sunday is already in active operation, and it is to be hoped that sentimentalism will not be permitted to close the gates on the only day that working people are enabled to attend. Let Sunday be a day of recreation—not of fasting and prayer.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The admisson of Wyoming, with its female suffrage into the union is a virtual acknowledgement or endorsement of the same by the general government, and should entitle women in all states to vote at the next presidential election without a special amendment for that effect. If not this, it is an acknowledgement of states' rights; and if one state has the right to give a class suffrage not in accordance with the United States Constitution, others have the right to give Chinese or Indians suffrage or debar a class from voting if it so behooves the state legislature. Was this a blunder or a convenient oversight in favor of the gentler sex?

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

At the convention of Swedenborgians held in Chicago recently, the Reverend Chauncey Giles, the presiding officer, in reply to questions put by a press representative, made, among others, the statement regarding the belief of his denomination; that the good in the hereafter will become happier and happier forever, while the wicked, though they will not become happier, will become less and less miserable forever.

It may be argued that voting for a new party in a general election is throwing away one's vote. Supposing it is. Must not some sacrifice their votes to give birth to a new movement. If all thought it useless to cast their vote on a venture or an experiment, how could we ever progress governmentally? It is this trial which leads to desired results. Either it gives the incentive for a continued venture, if numbers warrant it, or it invites recognition by one of the parties in power, and either one may serve the purpose aimed at.

It would be a curious thing to see the Republicans nominate a southern Democrat as vice president, and the Democrats nominate Mr. Blaine as President. It might result in the consolidation of the two parties or create an entirely new one.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn has been invited to lecture in Victoria, B. C.

Hon. Wm. Bowley, of Melbourne, Australia, arrived in this city last Saturday by the steamer Mariposa. This is his third or fourth visit to this Coast. Judge Bowley is an intelligent believer in the fundamental facts of Spiritualism; and expects to spend much of his time on the Coast in the future.—Golden Gate.

The Chattanooga Evening News gives an interesting account of the Lookout Mountain camp meeting.

Dr. C. M. Brown, former editor of the Eastern Star, has located in Summerland, Cal., and is now connected with The Reconstructor.

J. H. P.—Will appear in next issue if nothing unlooked for prevents.

A. M. M.—Very good—thanks—will see the light in next issue.

After Rev. E. P. Foster's resignation from Storrs Congregational church in this city he said: "I do not believe in leaving religion at the church door on Sunday, but want to see it carried into our business and social relations, and that is Christian Socialism." He also said that he would now write for a living and preach on Sunday wherever he can find a hall.

Bro. Kates and wife are doing good work in Topeka, Kas.

A car loaded with 1600 kegs of powder exploded at King's Station, 27 miles from Cincinnati, on the 15th inst., demolishing the depot, King's mills, near by, and shattering nearly every chimney and window in the place. Ten persons were killed outright, 13 severely injured, and 14 otherwise hurt.

Mr. J. H. Wright, our treasurer, who has been on a visit to Lookout Mountain, has returned safe and sound, and speaks in glowing terms of the kind welcome received there.

Mrs. Ruffin, Dunklee, Wright, Stowell and Kibby of this city, left on Thursday for Lily Dale to spend the entire season at that favorite camp ground. We wish them an abundant harvest of things good for the soul, and so does everybody else who know these ladies.

Affairs among the London postmen have resumed their normal condition, and the deliveries of the mails are proceeding without interruption. Four hundred and thirty-five men have been dismissed from the service for the part they took in the recent troubles, and Postmaster-General Raikes declines to reinstate any of them.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Munich carriage is propelled by gas.

Victoria, B. C., masons will not work with Chinese.

A movement has been started to secure a portrait bust of Susan B. Anthony for the world's fair.

A double deck electric car, capable of carrying 175 persons, is being experimented with in Pittsburg.

As soon as the land forfeiture matter is disposed of by the House, the original package bill will be taken up.

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Society journalism in Japan, when it comes, will be a delicate vocation, for so sensitive is the Government as to "speaking evil of dignitaries" that it has just sentenced the editor of the Gifu Gazette to penal servitude of four years and a fine of £2000 for speaking lightly of the 2555th anniversary of the Emperor Jimum. An American journalist, or even some of our indigenous specimens would either smash up or be smashed up by the Government in about a week.

A mile in one minute and fifty-seven seconds is the latest performance of the torpedo boat Cushing, with her quadruple expansion engine. She made it in the placid water of the Potomac, under 250 pounds pressure, on her way from Washington to New York. She used four tons of coal on the 400-mile run, and, under an average pressure of fifty pounds, made twelve and a half knots an hour. The capacity of her bunkers is forty tons, and this means that she can make a voyage of 4,000 miles without getting a new supply.

London has had this month a surfeit of sensations. Partial mutinies occurred in succession in the police force, the Grenadier Guards and the postal service. Timid folk barred their doors and windows in the belief that a reign of anarchy was about to begin, but at no time and in no direction was there any real danger. The so-called military mutiny resolved itself into a barrack yard squabble; the police mutiny proved to be of contemptible proportions, and the postmen's agitation collapsed in a ludicrous fashion upon the first show of firmness by the authorities.

Boise County, Idaho, has a remarkable sheep, the property of James Johnson, of Round Valley, which was a year old on the 22d of May. It has but two legs, both on the hinder part of the body, and constantly walks erect, much after the manner of a kangaroo. The legs and tail are smooth as those of a dog, not showing the least trace of wool. The head is woolly and is provided with but one eye, which solitary optic is set in the center of the head. The neck has a good showing of feathers, resembling those of the guinea fowl. The shoulders and place where the forelegs should be are as woolly as the head, extending back to where the smooth, dog-like hair begins.

Sarah Miller, a woman of malodcrous reputation, has made Bloomville her home, and so conducted herself as to arouse the indignation of the citizens. On Wednesday night her house was visited by a crowd of citizens, her room broken open and the poor creature dragged from her bed, stripped of her clothes, and smeared from head to foot with tar. She was then ordered to leave town, which she did, going to Attica, where she placed the matter in the hands of an attorney. She claims to have recognized several of her assailants. Detectives are engaged on the case, and developments promise to be interesting to a number of the people of Bloomville. The victim is said to be scarcely more than half witted.—Cleveland Leader.

After a sojourn of many months among the Druses of Lebanon, the Rev. Haskett Smith, M. A., rector of Brauncewell, in Lincolnshire, is about to return with an important discovery made under romantic circumstances, concerning that mysterious people, who are supposed to be the lineal descendants of the Hitites. It appears that Mr. Smith was admitted to the most secret intimacy with the Druses through having saved the life of a popular young man by sucking the venom of a deadly snake-bite from his body. He was initiated into a number of mysterious rites, hither unknown to any foreigner, and among these the natives startled him; as a Freemason, by passing the most characteristic of masonic signs. Hence this adventurous clergyman argues that the Druses are none other than a branch of the great Phœnician race, whose ancestors supplied the Lebanon cedars to the builders of King Solomon's temple.

Many a young man who frequently adorns himself with knickerbockers, flannel shirts and caps, and trundles over the city streets and a bicycle, will be surprised to learn that there is a man in this town whose claims to being a wheelman throw his into the shade. This person in question has the unique distinction of living on wheels. In fact, wheels take the place of legs so far as he is concerned, for his lower limbs are missing. A legless man getting about town by swinging himself along on his hands may be seen every now and then; but in the case of this particular citizen a sort of framework has been fitted to his body. It is equipped with four small wheels, and its owner propels himself along by means of his hands, in each of which he carrirs a sort of handle adapted to getting a firm hold on the pavement. He came down Broadway a day or two ago, and received a great deal of attention from the gamins who frequent City Hall Park. But his misfortune evidently had not soured his temper, for he joked with the youngsters, and seemed to be in the best of humor as he slowly rolled himself along. He had a stock of lead pencils and shoe strings, and appeared to be as well able to care for himself as are a good many men who go about this world on a full equipment of legs.—N. Y. Times.

A Scotchman, who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland, came to the United States in his last years and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railroad through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon!" said he to the spokesman of the scheme; "ye canna build a r'alway across this kentry!" "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not?" he repeated, with an air of settling the whole matter; "why not? And dinna ye see the kentry's as flat as a flure, and you have naw place whatever to run your toonnels through?" —San Francisco Argonaut.

OUR CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENT.

Concerning the United States treaty with China, W. W. Judson, in *Carrier Dove*, among other things, writes:

"Last July Chang Yen Hoon, representing the Chinese Government, wrote to Secretary Blaine, expressing amazement that the Supreme Court had affirmed the Exclusion Act. He had not been prepared to learn that this country was governed in a way whereby the government could release itself from a treaty obligation without consultation with or the consent of the other party.

"There are in the United States very few who can and do sympathize with Chang Yen Hoon in his astonishment at the gyrating performances of this government, but Chang Yen Hoon must understand that this government is in the hands of unprincipled Christians and a set of vagabond politicians who wear the mask of that popular religion.

"The few philosophers who would strictly fullfill all and every national treaty obligation are never elected or appointed to fill offices of honor or trust in the United States, but somewhat like the foreign Chinese heathen, they are considered and treated as domestic infidel heathens, and more or less dangerous to a Christian or Godly government.

"To a person out of the woods there appears a ludicrous side to this Christian-Chinese episode; it shows that Christianity bit off too large a piece and is on exhibition with extended jaws, mouth full of heathen too tough to chew up and too bulky to spit out."

What more can be expected from old-fogyism that thinks more of its church creed and how to get God in the constitution, enact Sunday laws, gag the press, imprison mediums, etc., than looking to the welfare and happiness of its people.

LITERARY.

A New Cook Book.—Being a prize essay by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel.

To this essay was awarded the first prize among seventy competitors, and the unanimous opinion of the able Judges of Award, and testimonials from members of the American Public Health Association, prove that it is a work of great practical value, and that it would in many cases assist in securing to families health, comfort and happiness in life, if it could be placed in their hands. It would be of immediate and permanent benefit, and especially assist in bettering the condition of those for whom it is principally intended.

While the economic character of the book makes it especially adapted to persons of moderate and small means, it will prove useful in every household, and while it would be helpful to experienced housekeepers, it will prove also especially so to those who sometimes without much knowledge or experience in domestic life and duties enter married life. Prices: English text, bound in cloth, [illegible] cents; German text, 60 cents.

Above prices include the prepayment of postage or express charges. Special prices will be made for larger quantities. For sale at bookstores, or on application to Essay Department American Public Health Association, P. O. Drawer [illegible], Rochester, N. Y.

The Problem of Life, W. J. Colville's monthly, has temporarily removed its headquarters to the Equity Publishing Co., 9 West 14th street, New York—its editor lecturing thereabouts.

A New Phase.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

While in Seattle, Wash., recently I met a medium, a lady who possesses a phase of mediumship that I have never before known of. I did not think to ask if she could get the manifestation when sitting alone, or whether the three friends who sit with her are necessary to the result, but she is the medium without which it cannot be done.

In the cause named, and previously, four persons, counting the medium, sit at a stand. Pencil and paper are at hand. The paper is placed upon the stand and the medium holds the pencil over it with the point just touching it. The others hold their fingers lightly upon the stand. The pencil in the medium's hand remains stationary while the stand moves, and by its upward pressure upon the pencil point, does the writing. Several communications have been received in this way from friends who signed their names in full. The last Sunday night in April one was received from a friend of whom they were not thinking, but from whom they were very glad to hear.

This lady, Mrs. J. V. Taylor, corner of Main and Fourteenth streets, is not a public medium, and the idea of fraud is simply out of the question. All who know her respect her. Will wonders never cease?—Carrier Dove.

We are generally most impatient with faults that are like our own.

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

Toledo, O., January 10, 18[illegible]

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Correspondence.

Burlington, Vt.

The Queen City Park Spiritualists will hold their Camp Meeting on the shore of Lake Champlain, South Burlington, Vt., from August 3d to September 14th, 1890.

Among the list of speakers are: Hon. A. E. Stanley, Mrs. A. W. Crossett, G. W. Walrond, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Mrs. Clara Field Conant, R. H. Kneeshaw, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. Fannie D. Smith, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Rev. S. A. Parker, Mrs. Emma Paul, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, A. E. Tisdale, Rev. J. K. Applebee, J. Clegg Wright, J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, and Dr. H. B. Storer. Send for circulars to A. E. STANLEY, Sec.

Marengo, O.

We are pleased to announce that the two weeks camp meeting recently closed at this place was a surprising success in every point of view. As a result of this effort, which we believe is the first Spiritualist camp meet ever held in Ohio. We have a society of sixty intelligent members, with next camp to be held in the beautiful grove at Ashley, O., a station on the C. C. & St. Louis Railroad, beginning the first Sunday in September, 1891.

Many new workers were added to our cause, and hundreds led to take a more serious and respectful view of its teachings.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, H. Baxter, Ashley; Vice-president, H. C. Morehouse, Marengo; Secretary, T. H. Morehouse, Marengo; Treasurer, A. Oliver, Ashley, with a board of nine directors.

We would be pleased to hear from all Spiritualists interested in attending and sustaining a camp in central Ohio.

T. H. MOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

Delphos Camp Meeting.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos, Kas., will hold their eleventh annual camp meeting, commencing August 9th, and continuing seventeen days.

Reduced rates to one and one-third fare on roads within the State on the certificate plan have been secured.

Parties contemplating attending the meeting should write the secretary for full particulars.

Good speakers have been engaged for the meeting. Mrs. E. P. Brown, of Portland, Oregon, the noted test and independent slate writing medium, will be present; also Rev James De Buchanne of Bonne Terre, Mo., the ex-orthodox minister, will be present to speak; Hon. R. A. Dague, of Phillipsburg, Kas., has promised to deliver a series of lectures.

Delphos is a quiet little city, nestling along the banks of the Solomon river, the most picturesque valley in the State of Kansas.

The Society owns a beautiful, natural grove, which affords ample shade, and is a pleasant resort to spend a vacation from toil.

A cordial welcome is extended to all to come and spend a quiet rest in communion with nature's spirit.

A. D. BALLOU, M. D., President.
I. N. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association hold their 17th annual convocation at Lake Pleasant, Franklin County, Mass., July 27th to August 31st, 1890, inclusive.

The grounds are situated in the Connecticut Valley, in the heart of New England, three miles from the Connecticut River, and six miles southeast of Greenfield, in the township of Montague, Franklin County, Mass., on the Hoosac Tunnel Railway route, midway between Boston and Troy.

Among the speakers are the following:

Rev. E. L. Rexford, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Rev. M. J. Savage, Hon Sidney Dean, Mrs. Fannie D. Smith, Rev. Robert Collyer, W. C. Bowen, A. E. Tisdale, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, J. Frank Baxter, Fred L. H. Willis.

Lodgings can be obtained in cottages and tents.

The Lake Pleasant Hotel has been enlarged and much improved, and in charge of Mr Henry L. Barnard, the popular landlord of former years, will be open for guests July 7. Price of board and rooms will be $7 to $12 per week. Transients, $2 per day. Table board, $5 per week.

For further information, or more circulars, address,

J. MILTON YOUNG,
Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Lily Dale, N.Y.

Of all the many summer resorts I have ever seen this is the best and cheapest.

It is situated in the town of Pomphret, on the Dunkirk and Alleghany Valley Railroad, 15 miles south of Dunkirk and 20 miles north of Jamestown, N. Y. Pomphret adjoins the town of Chautauqua in which Bishop Vincent's association is. It is midway between New York and Chicago accessible by the New York Central, Erie, West Shore, Lake Shore, Nickle Plate, Chicago and Atlantic and C. C. C and I. Railroad. You can leave New York, Chicago or Cincinnati in the evening and be here the next morning. Nearly all these railroads sell cheap excursion tickets good until Nov. 1st.

It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here can be found the perfection of delightful water, scenery and the purity of mountain air. Owing to the great altitude and the purity of the water and air, malarial, contagious and epidemic diseases are almost entirely unknown.

There is here no church, saloon, lockup or other expensive machinery so that rents and all needful things are cheap. Chautauqua butter and milk is famous through the whole country.

Overworked teachers, broken winded clergymen with sore throats, overtaxed business men and all who need rest of body, mind or soul, especially the latter.

Full particulars will be sent to all who write for them. Many address Cassadaga, but the post office and railroad station is Lily Dale.

G. P. LEWIS

Mount Pleasant Park.

Although the time for the opening of the meeting has not arrived, still there are notes of preparation on every hand, and there are indications of a successful meeting at this camp. Never did the camp look more invitingly than at present, and the general cleanliness of the grounds are noticed by all. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon O. H. Jackson and his good wife for the care exercised in keeping everything in order. Quite a number makes it a point to get here early in order to enjoy the beauties of nature and have a season of quiet before the activities of the camp. Tents are going up on all parts of the ground, and new arrivals are of daily occurrence. To Mrs. S. B. Dean, of Wichita; Kas., belongs the honor of being first upon the ground. Dr. J. C. Phillips is here, and has his fine and commodious tent in order, and is resting preparatory to business when the meeting opens. Will C. Hodge may be found at the doctor's tent. Among the other mediums already here are Mrs. Ollie A. Blodgett of Davenport, A. B. and Dr. J. H. Severance of Milwaukee, Mr. Parker and wife of Elgin, Dr. Munson and family, Mrs. J. H Randall and daughters of Chicago, L. P. Wheelock, Carrie Brown, Mrs. Frankie Cole and son and G. J. Dunmore and family comprise the present list of campers. A new porch has been erected for the secretary's office, and a large addition to the Blodgett cottage is under way, which will nearly double the capacity and give much needed room. A decided change in the weather has taken place, and the day is delightfully cool, the air invigorating, the feathered songsters are doing their best to add to our enjoyment, and any person must be decidedly unreasonable who could find fault with the situation. We would advise all who can to come early and have a season of rest and social enjoyment before the opening of the meeting.

JIM

Mantua Camp Meeting Notes.

The Michigan, Ohio and Indiana Spiritual and Religious Association opened their Mantua Ohio Camp meeting, July 20th and will continue the same for two weeks with three Sundays.

Prof. D. M. King is the efficient chairman, and a large audience greeted the workers on the opening day. The speaker of the morning session was Dr E. P. Brainard, of Ravenna, O., who presented a carefully prepared address on "The Spiritual Philosophy, its aims and evidences;" which was listened to with the closest attention. The same will be forwarded to THE BETTER WAY in compliance with a motion adopted at the meeting.

Following the address Mrs Carrie Firth gave an improvised poem on the subject "Progression," when the audience was dismissed after singing Nearer My God To Thee.

At the afternoon session Prof. Kenyon delivered a very able address of one hour's duration on the subject, "Is Spiritualism true?" which was heartily applauded.

At the conclusion of the address Rev Marshall, pastor of the Disciple Church of Mantua, came upon the rostrum and expressed himself as much entertained by the lecture, and spoke in such a liberal strain that one would not be surprised if his congregation should demand an explanation.

He announced a union meeting of all parties interested in local option to be held Tuesday evening on the camp grounds, to be addressed by President Zollars, of Hiram College.

The afternoon program was closed by psychic character readings by Mrs. Maggie Stewart. In the evening Mrs. Firth again addressed the audience. There were on the grounds a score or more of Clevelanders, and an excursion will be run from Cleveland each Saturday and Sunday, tickets good returning the following Monday.

Messrs. King and Wandell should feel encouraged at the prospect for a successful meeting. Fraternally yours, C. BIRD GOULD.

Topeka, Kas.

We are enjoying our stay in this beautiful little city of the West, although it is so hot that health is endangered, and meetings in edifices almost unendurable. Our work here, has, however, met with some fruitful result. The mutual friendship has been quite delightful. The people are genial and social. As zealots, they desire to achieve much for the growth of spiritual thought among the people. But with all this it is a slow process. Humanity seek the last that which concerns them the most. The frivolous and sensual dominates more than wisdom and spirituality. Humanity must be slowly led to the goal of spiritual culture. They will not be forced—to drive is an incentive to anger and rebellion, persistent persuasion will be the best means. Let us not seek too rapid growth. To "build surely" seems to be the motto of the spirits. Mortals must catch the impulse and so apply their acts.

In Topeka there is a growing condition full of promise. The day of sensualism is departing and the era of philosophy is being ushered in. Spiritualism is a mental and moral factor. Its genius is being utilized. Into the broad sunlight of truth it walks to touch humanity with a divine fire. It cannot be dimmed, but will grow brighter and yet brighter as humanity becomes wiser. Let us look well to personality.

The first month of our stay here we were allotted to the hospitality of Brother Milo Norton and wife, erstwhile Methodists, but now earnest Spiritualists, upon whose housetop the spirits float the banner of hospitality to all who are true and earnest. Since then, a week of sojourn, in rotation, with the families of Bros. A. Markley, M. O. Frost, and D. O. Crane. Their residences being suburban, we can truly say the gods have propitiated in our favor. This coterie of earnest souls will not allow the cause to slumber. They are the bone and sinew here, and are attracting a fibrous growth that pulsates with nervous force.

The ladies of the society are energetic. They have a Ladies Aid and hold bi-weekly sociables. During the warm weather they have held several lawn parties, which were excellently managed and replete with enjoyment.

The young ladies have also organized an auxilliary aid, and with commendable endeavor are furnishing the choir service. Their first lawn party at the residence of Brother Crane was enjoyable and recherche.

With the month of July we close our labors here, expecting to go into Colorado, and thence to California. With the new year we may return East and be content to pursue a labor for the spirits, where we can be at home, and also attending to our mercantile business. But we shall expect an occasion call, to either camp or hall.

Our permanent address is 2234 Frankford avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., where mail will always reach us, or be forwarded.

Fraternally, G. W. KATES & WIFE.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Sunday morning, July 13th, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond delivered an address which met with cordial appreciation, as amply demonstrated by the large audience present.

In the afternoon Mrs. A. M. Glading won new laurels by her earnestness and wonderful correctness in reading of character.

In the evening Dr. Geo. A. Fuller spoke before a large and attentive audience.

The week has been taken up with conference meetings in the morning and lectures, circles and seances in the evening up to date. Mrs. Richmond allowed "Ouina" to preside one evening at the meeting held in the pavilion, and the dignified Indian maiden charmed old friends and new with her poetic readings.

We were most pleasantly surprised when Mr. J. H. Wright, of Cincinnati, arrived and announced his intention of enjoying with us the "glad tidings" voiced by our noble mediums. Mr. Wright is one of nature's men of sterling worth.

Dr. C. L. Armington, Anderson, Ind., has been astonishing the public here with his mediumship. Dr. Armington came here as a guest and unheralded as a medium. The visitor attending Dr A.'s seances carries a piece of unglazed cardboard, which the doctor magnetizes in full view of the audience. In a short time faces and messages appear without the use of pencil or crayon. Dr. Fuller received a striking likeness and a message from his old friend, "Harry Powel" the late well-known slate writing medium. After the picture was finished Powel took control of the medium and gave Dr. Fuller a remarkable test, thereby placing his identity beyond doubt. Mr. Paul R. Albert received a picture on the inner surface of an old envelope. One lady present was overjoyed to find, among a number of faces produced on her bit of cardboard, some she fully recognized. The medium is always in a deep trance during the production of pictures or messages. Dr Armington is a gentleman of refined bearing and liberal education, also a physician of high standing, a Mason and a Knight Templar.

Another grand medium here as a visitor is Mrs W. D. Ivey, of Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. Ivey is a medium for slate writing. A friend of mine received on the inner side of closed slates messages and the likenesses of two spirit friends. Another lady received, in the same way, the likeness of a spirit brother. The slates are on top of the table, the sitter places a hand upon the slate, the medium doing likewise. Mrs Ivey charges nothing for her sittings. Her soul is alive with spiritual zeal and her mediumship is for humanity.

Among the other visitors here, are: Mrs H. M. Wood, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Nellie, Nashville; Tenn.; Mrs. Mott Knight, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr A. C. Ladd, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs C. H. Hull, Palatka, Fla.; Mrs. C. Link, Nashville, Tenn; Dr. Eldridge and family; Mr. Paul R. Albert, Mrs. J. C. McInnes, Augusta, Ga.; Mr. R. H. Hart of the Chattanooga Evening News; Mrs. E. Jacobs, Mt. Airy, O.; J. M. Geupel, Evansville, Ind.; and Col. C. H. Stockell, Florence, Ala., a genial gentleman and a staunch friend to mediums. The Colonel has been a Spiritualists of earnest effort and generous heart. We feel that the association will find, in this recently added stockholder, an able co-worker in all respects.

GEORGIA DAVENPORT FULLER.

Chicago, Ill.

Every seat was taken on the evening of July 6th to greet Miss Emma J. Nickerson, of Boston. "The yesterday, to-day and to-morrow of Spiritualism" was her subject. The following is a brief abstract of the discourse:

"Past history is the crucible of God," said Jonathan Edwards. The history of Spiritualism is the history of the race, her crucible the test of reason, weighed against the fallacies of the past. The day star has risen upon the works that give evidence; no barren belief, but knowledge that fulfilleth the law bespeaks the modern prophets. Pregnant seeds of reform have evolved light from darkness. Tenants of superstition and bigotry have given place to beneficent blessings of wisdom. The prolific garden, the world, has yielded to toil a paradise of beauty; flowers supplant weeds; lust is banished by love. The education of the people to a higher humanity, means natural worship of the good without, from the good within. True growth begins with our childhood, and our childhood never ends, for we are beginners forever. The vested right to investigate, annylyze and determine the question of the after life is an individual one. For that purpose you are here to-night, to wreathe the past with flowers of remembrance and twine new garlands of hope. Oh, joy! fair daughter of life, let kisses fall like the sunbeams at dawn upon human faces, and laughter make glad the heart for the gates of heaven are open. We are mounting the shining heights from the valley of discipline, angel hands clasp our own, recognition is ours. The grave is mute, but soul language is eternal; speak on thou voices of wisdom; sing on thou voices of prophecy. Poet and singer alike are living in the new song. The nestling acorn burrows and whispers "oak." The soul soars above the lark, and echoes man. O, humanity, I would set thee high in the hearts of the people. The golden to-morrow ushes in a better religion in the subjection of the baser passions. Faith in self, work for others; this is true worship and spiritual power. Links may be broken here, a shining vasary that exceeds the wondrous splendor of the stars awaits us. The sun may pale and fade to leaden gray, to-morrow a fairer shore will burst upon the enraptured sight and arms of tenderness welcome the wanderer home. Shelter for all the ceaseless pulse of eternal motion gives birth to truth and truth is eternal, with God we are one."

A unanimous vote of the large audience present to have Miss Nickerson return and labor with us after her summer rest at Haslet Park, where a new cottage built by direction of her guides awaits her.

A. WELDON, Chairman.

Another excellent meeting was held at the Fifth Avenue Hall, 116 Fifth avenue, at 3. p. m., last Sunday afternoon. The controls of Mrs. Hamilton Gill fairly surpassed their efforts of the previous Sunday, and the large audience fairly reveled in a feast of good things. Little Nannie, Mingo the Indian, and Lizzie, the German control, all controled the medium, and gave the many strangers present messages from their loved ones, for which they had so long been looking for. Her friends are delighted to see Mrs. Gill occupying the rostrum once more, and wish her a God speed in the noble work to which she has devoted so many years of her life.

Mrs. Gill will speak and give tests at the Fifth Avenue Hall until further notice, every Sunday at 3. p. m.

Yours, respectfully. W. MACKENZIE.

Rochester, N.Y.

The Spiritualist of Rochester feel greatly encouraged in view of the success of the meeting they have recently held. Years ago these were popular meetings, and a flourishing society in the city, but certain unfortunate events transpired and the society ceased to exist. Nevertheless Spiritualism did not die out. Numerous circles have been held weekly in this city for years, and the number of believers has constantly increased. There are thousands of Spiritualists in Rochester.

A few months ago some earnest and progressive believers in the truth, "now delivered unto the saints," invited Dr. F. Schermerhorn, an educated physician, a recent resident of the city, to deliver lectures on this subject, in which they were so deeply interested. The doctor, though developed as a medium for certain phases, soon after his graduation, had never made any public effort under control until invited to lecture to the Spiritualists of Rochester. At first he wrote out his discourses, but soon the invisibles took perfect control, and written lectures were abandoned. For the last month the lectures have been in answer to questions handed up by the audience, and they were uniformly treated in a manner at once clear and able.

It was decided to close the meetings during the warm weather, and the last lecture for the season was delivered Sunday evening, July 13th. Every seat in the Odd Fellows Hall was filled. At the close of the discourse the congregation desiring to make some expression of their views in reference to the success of the meetings. H. T. King was called to the chair, and R. D. Jones, after some preliminary remarks, in reference to the bright prospects ahead, presented the following preamble and resolution, and moved their adoption.

The question of ages has been, "If a man die shall he live again?" This important query has been more conclusively answered in the last half a century than ever before; in fact the continuity of life has now been demonstrated, and millions have been made happy in consequence.

The facts and demonstrations, however, have not yet reached or been understood by vast numbers, hence a most important duty devolves upon those who know the truth and are able to impart it. Among those who are bravely and intelligently teaching the doctrines elicited by modern investigations, we are rejoiced to number Dr Schermerhorn, who has been speaking to the Spiritualists of Rochester for the past few weeks. He has constantly spoken words of edification and instruction to his hearers, which, it is believed, will be of lasting benefit to them, therefore

Resolved, That the thanks of the Spiritualists of this city, be and hereby are, most earnestly tendered to Dr F. Schermerhorn and his controls, for their labors in this hall in the cause of progress and reform, and for the clear exposition of the pure and elevating principles of Modern Spiritualism.

Mrs. Cornelia Gardner seconded the resolution and moved an amendment that Dr. Schermerhorn be invited to continue his lectures in the early fall. This motion was accepted, and the preamble and resolution were unanimous adopted.

Mr. Jones then addressed Dr. Schermerhorn, and said he was delegated by the ladies to present him a material testimonial of the regard felt for his labors in the all important cause of genuine Spiritualism.

At the conclusion of his remarks he handed the doctor the result of the contribution. Dr. Schermerhorn responded, and eloquently and with much feeling alluded to the action taken by the congregation. During the meetings the singing was conducted by Mrs. Ellis and Miss Lula Billings, two accomplished musicians and the congregation is under great obligation for their volunteer services.

The genial and eloquent Irish control of Dr. Schermerhorn pronounced the benediction in his unique style, and the meeting was adjourned until September.

Onset, Mass.

Mr. Nat Besse, who bought the association stables has now thirty-eight stalls.

Mrs. J. Q. A. Whittemore, who has long been a great sufferer from rheumatism, is now able to be wheeled along the Boulevarde in an invalid's chair, and enjoys the sea breezes.

We are in receipt of a choice collection of songs, by C. Payson Longley, composer of the popular spiritual songs in use at the present time.

Mrs. Meade Hatch, from San Francisco, is located on West Central avenue, for business, test and physical manifestations.

Mr. Louie Poole, of Boston, has been engaged by the Lucier Company as first violinist and prompter at their season dances.

The theater opened the 3d with John Walsh in his humorous and pathetic sketch of Shamus O'Brien at Home and other laughable attractions, and was rewarded by a full house.

That frightful sea serpent has not yet been reported in Onset Bay since the Brockton House changed hands, and all the hotels have "no license" before their mind's eye. There seems to be no attraction for the monster in these waters.

From the 1st of May to the 1st of July the Washburn House has given over three thousand meals.

What was formerly a drug store has changed hands, and is now filled with a choice variety of jewelry, bric-a-brac and new curiosities.

The Avenue House, N. Pool proprietor, is well patronized.

Mr. F. N. Nickerson, who drives a bread and cake wagon, fell one day recently and injured his spine so badly as to unfit him for business.

Miss Meliss Page, of Boston, went blue fishing on Tuesday and pulled in a five pound fish.

Mr. Carr, the photographer, has just opened for business all the booths along the avenue, ten in number, are in running order, and Onset presents quite a lively appearance already. The horse railroad has done a good business this spring. Sunday, the 29th of June, they carried 190 passengers. The dummy road, which opened late is now doing a good business also, and the outlook is for a prosperous season at Onset.

The glorious old Fourth that we all hail with delight, and having passed, we feel glad that it is over, has once more come and gone with its usual amount of noise and waste of powder and fireworks. The accidents that always attend the occasion have been duly reported in the papers and the country—at least this portion of its patriotic citizens have settled down once more to their usual quietude.

Thursday night and Friday morning trains brought a crowd to celebrate the day, and Onset never witnessed so many people at any previous Fourth. The morning of the Fourth was ushered in with the usual amount of noise and bustle.

The Lucier Dramatic Company gave its first series of summer entertainments in the evening to a full house, which was followed by a dance, also well attended. The music was fine. Every boat in the bay was engaged early for a day's sail and to witness the race by the Beverly Club, which came off from Monument Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn with their California party of children and grandchildren who are summering with them at Onset, went down the bay in the yacht "Mermaid," Capt. Tripp, to Pocasset Beach, where they landed for dinner, dug clams, made a chowder, and after witnessing the race, enjoying the day's outing, used up their stock of fireworks, they embarked for home, catching a nice blue fish on their way for supper.

I would commend to you for thought and consideration the proposition set forth by the Banner of Light and seconded by the Golden Gate, that Spiritualism be represented at the World's Fair. Let the best talent be chosen and the best books on the subject be there represented, and let every effort be made for its representation to the best advantage and in the best manner possible. Let the leading societies take action at once, that if represented at all, it may be in its best and most convincing light. A strenuous effort made with this end in view will do more towards spreading the Gospel of Spiritualism than weeks upon weeks of argument on this important question in our newspapers.

San Diego, Cal.

Dr. and Mrs. Nickless are here sojourning on Coronado Beach. They are ministering to diminished but appreciative audiences. Her test seances on Wednesday afternoons draw quite as large a number as the Sunday morning and evening exercises. A number who came to scoff, went away in tears and sober reflection. Many of our Spiritists and professed Spiritualists are so delighted with hearing other people's beliefs reviled and ridiculed that they prefer attending the so-called liberal lectures of Dr. York. It takes all sorts of people to make Spiritualists. Some, too, will as readily berate their own if offended.

Dr. Nickless is doing a large amount of good in his line. One or two cases, very sad ones, of obsession have yielded to the treatment of his guides and fine development. The doctor has been instrumental in restoring peace to individuals and their families. He bears cheerfully and gladly the usual amount of gratuitous work falling to the lot of all mediums.

F. M. C. M.

The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

The prime factor in any nation's prosperity is the welfare of its common people.—Andrew Jackson.

The First Society of Spiritualists

—OF—

Delphos, Kansas,

—Will hold their—

Eleventh Annual CAMP MEETING

At DELPHOS, KANSAS, commencing August 9th and continuing 17 days. The society has made arrangements whereby reduced rates of one and one third fare for round trip can be procured over the following railroads, in this state only: A. T. & S. Fe, C. R. I. & P., Mo. P., U. P. and M. K. T. Parties purchasing tickets should ask the agent for a return certificate, which, after having been signed by the Secretary of the society, entitles the holder to a rebate of one-third fare upon presentation at the office where ticket was first purchased. To secure these rates parties must comply with the rules of the company. The Secretary will cheerfully give all desired information upon application to him.

Parties attending are requested to bring their own bedding. Tents can be secured upon application to the secretary.

Plenty of straw will be furnished free to campers for bedding purposes. Feed for teams will be furnished upon the ground at reasonable rates. A restaurant and boarding house will be located on the grounds, where those desiring board can obtain the same at reasonable rates.

The society has secured the services of Mrs. E. P. Brown, of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Brown is a test and independent slate writing medium. The Rev. James De Buchanne, of Bonne Terre, Mo., has been secured, and will be a prominent speaker. R. A. Dague, of Phillipsburg, Kansas, has promised to deliver a series of lectures.

The Society has a beautiful grove with good accommodations, and a cordial welcome is extended to all. The railroad facilities are such that none need stay away. Come everybody and enjoy a season of recreation and rest, and feel that you are in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age.

I. N. RICHARDSON, Secretary. A. D. BALLOU, M. D., President.

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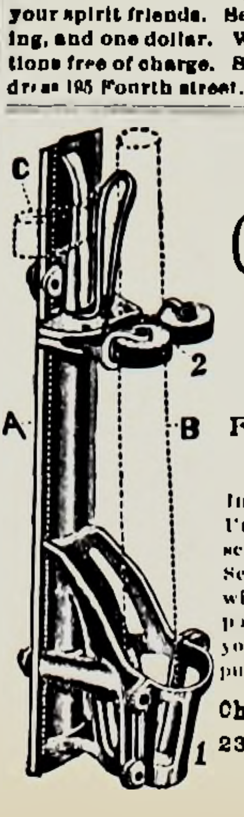

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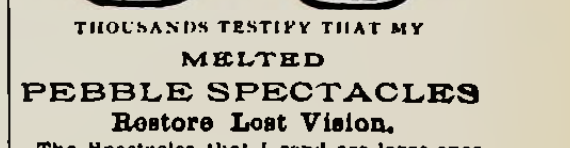

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The Eleventh Annual Meeting
—Of The—
Cassadaga Lake Free Association
Will be held on their grounds at
CASSADAGA LAKE,
CHAUTAUQUA CO., N. Y.,
FROM JULY 25 TO AUGUST 31.
Programme for 1890.

Friday, July 25th, Jennie B. Hagan, South Framingham, Mass.
Saturday, July 26th, Hon. Sidney Dean, Warren, R. I.
Sunday, July 27th, Miss Jennie B. Hagan and Hon. Sidney Dean.
Monday, July 28th, Conference.
Tuesday, July 29th, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
Wednesday, July 30th, Hon. Sidney Dean.
Thursday, July 31st, Lyman C. Howe.
Friday, August 1st, Willard J. Hull, Buffalo, New York.
Saturday, August 2nd, Hon. Sidney Dean.
Sunday, August 3rd, Lyman C. Howe and Walter Howell, London, England.
Monday, August 4th, Conference.
Tuesday, August 5th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Ravenna, Ohio.
Wednesday, 6th, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.
Thursday, 7th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Melrose, Mass.
Friday, 8th, J. F. Baxter.
Saturday, 9th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer and W. J. Colville, Boston Mass.
Sunday, 10th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and J. Frank Baxter.
Monday, 11th, Conference.
Tuesday, 12th W. J. Colville.
Wednesday, 13th Miss Jennie B. Hagan.
Thursday, 14th, Walter Howell.
Friday, 15th, Temperance Day.
Saturday, 16th, Willard J. Hull and Jennie Leys, West Medford, Mass.
Sunday, 17th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Rogers Park Ill., and W. J. Colville.
Monday, 18th, Conference.
Tuesday, 19th, W. C. Warner, Yorkshire, New York.
Wednesday, 20th, Rev. H. Frank, Jamestown, N. Y.
Thursday, 21st, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
Friday, 22nd, W. J. Colville.
Saturday, 23rd, W. C. Warner and Jennie Leys.
Sunday, 24th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Hon. A. B. Richmond, Meadville, Penn.
Monday, 25th, Conference.
Tuesday, 26th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
Wednesday, 27th, Hon. A. B. Richmond.
Thursday, 28th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Friday, 29th, Walter Howell.
Saturday, 30th, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, Santa Clara, Cal.
Sunday, 31st, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and Mrs. E. L. Watson.

The Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting Ground is eight miles from Lake Erie, and 700 feet above it. Situated midway between New York and Chicago, it is convenient of access from all points. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Grand Hotel will be open from July 20 to Sept. 1., and, as last year, under the efficient management of C. H. Gregory.

The prices for board, with rooms, are $1.00 to $1.50 per day, according to room. Transient meals, 50 cents; lodging, 50 cents.

Campers and regular occupants of tents and cottages can get their meals at the hotel, by the week, at 25 cents each.

Lodging can be obtained at cottages at reasonable prices.

The daily admission to the grounds is 15 cents per day, and for campers inside the gates, 10 cents per day.

Edgar W. Emerson will occupy the platform after each lecture from August 23rd until the close of the meeting.

P. L. O. A. Keeler and W. A. Mansfield, slate-writing mediums, will be on the ground during the entire meeting.

J. Frank Baxter will give tests at the close of each one of his lectures.

The Northwestern Orchestra of Meadville, Penn., has been engaged for the season. The orchestra will give daily concerts and play for the dancing parties.

Mr. J. T. Lillie, vocalist, of Boston, Mass., will be with us during the entire meeting.

Campers will register their names at the Secretary's office, in order that telegrams, etc., or inquiring friends, may be directed to them. No peddling of any kind allowed. Daily papers on the grounds. Telegraph office on grounds. Baggage carried from the railroad to any part of the grounds at a charge of 15 cents for trunks and 10 cents for valises. Hack lines will convey passengers to and from the trains to any hotel or private house in the vicinity. Three steamers make regular trips on the lake.

All mail and express matter intended for the camp should be addressed to Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

A. GASTON, PRESIDENT, Meadville, Pa.
T. J. SKIDMORE, TREASURER, L. Dale, N. Y.
A. E. GASTON, SECRETARY, Meadville, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

Written for The Better Way.

A Soul Sonnet.

BY CALLIE HARCOURT.

I touched thy hand and kissed thy smile-veiled face—
A gust of feeling drew that veil aside,
Revealing dreams thy vow-sealed lips must hide,
And cloistered thoughts that glorified the place.
A strange and subtle sense of mine did trace
The very hopes that in their springtime died,
And sad sweet memories that still abide
Like vanished flowers that haunt an empty vase.
I saw the songs thy lips have never sung,
Bright dreams cast down in early offering,
Still beat their fettered wings against the bars.
A poet soul lies 'neath thy silent tongue:
And yet some day I hope to hear thee sing
In amarathine fields beyond the stars.

Written for The Better Way.

PRACTICAL WORK.

SARAH L. MCCRACKEN.

It is said that there are several millions of Spiritualists in America alone. If this is a fact, then well may the outside world be asking: "What good does Spiritualism do?"

Let us not brag over our numbers until over the land there arise institutions that proclaim that the teachings of wise minds gone on before is bearing fruit in some practical work for the general good of humanity.

If there are millions of Spiritualists, then think what good might be done if these millions contributed but even one dollar a year to erect and keep running some benevolent institution for a humane purpose.

Suppose we would commence erecting industrial schools for the miserable poor, where they could have a fair education and be taught well in whatever avocation seemed best suited to their different natures. Such a school should have a very large amount of ground attached, where gardens, flower yard, and fields of grain, with fruits, not only give employment for its inmates at stated intervals, but would contribute largely to the support of the school.

Spiritualists, think of the little beings you might rescue from the mud and mire of life; from crime and prison walls; from sin and ignorance. Let your philosophy amount to something more than giving year in and year out about the same rehash. Let us stop trying to convert people to Spiritualism and go right to work building some monument to what good the spirit world has been trying to do this world in their ministry of over forty years.

Don't you think such grand souls as Lucretia Mott, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, with thousands of others, must be tired, O, so tired of twiddle-twaddle?

If Spiritualism was ever brought to earth for good, it means work. Something of tangible reality and not moonshine fancy.

Your camp meetings are at hand, and thereby a good opportunity is given these millions of Spiritualists to show that they mean to do something of which, as a body of people, we may be proud. There are hundreds who will give something towards a work for the general public who will not give anything toward spreading the philosophy or Spiritualism, especially so long as it does no real practical work for humanity in the shape of something that the world can see.

Let us arise, one and all, determined that in the near future we will give some very substantial evidence of the good that Spiritualism can do for the wretched ones of the earth.

WOMEN IN NEWSPAPER WORK.

Mary H. Krout, in an article on "Women in Newspaper Work," contributed to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, says:

The difficulty really is that the apprentice wants the consideration and emoluments that come only after years of constant toil, after failure and disappointment, after all the trials and tribulations that may be summed up in that painful term, experience. They want the easy places and the ample salaries that come very late in the newspaper career, if they ever come at all. And here it may be said that, with outsiders and even with those who are just being initiated, there is a vast deal of ignorance in regard to newspaper work as it is. Here and there an editor with a princely income looms up as conspicuous as a lighthouse, but they are so few that they can all be counted with two figures. The great majority have spent their energy and their years in a profession that yields them a little more than a comfortable livelihood, and not always that. They like their work, and that after all, is their chief and highest reward. Women can expect nothing more than this, nor with ability and conscientiousness will they receive less. If they imagine that they are handicapped by their sex they are laboring under a delusion. They will find if they do their share without complaining or shirking, that their brothers of the scissors and paste pot will treat them as equals, and lend a helping hand in every possible way. Instead of contempt and petty envy there will be the most generous recognition and an inclination to help in every possible and kindly way. If women who have fairly and honestly done their work, asking no favor, have had a different experience, then the fault must be in professional infirmities that would be a hindrance in any calling and anywhere.

If a woman aspire to what may be considered higher journalism, something above and beyond mere piece writing, she must be willing to work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, if necessary; to give up cherished feminine preferences and prejudices; to eat when and as she can; to fast with resignation, adapt herself to surroundings that may be uncongenial or wholly distasteful. In short, she must go into the profession precisely as a man goes into it, and if she is unwilling to do all this, which frequently involves tremendous fatigue and great self-sacrifice, then she would better remain at home or devote herself to literary work.

Women, like men, make their places eventually, however and wherever they may begin. At any rate, this is true of the West, and it is doubtless just as true of the East. The woman who is capable of doing good work will not lack opportunity to do her best. It may not come at once—the best opportunities rarely do—but it will come, and it remains for her to make the most of it.

MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT.

Miss Philippa Fawcett is an example of what women can do. She has just gained the highest honors which the great University of Cambridge can bestow on its students. She has been put at the head of all the graduates, or, as the English call it, she has been made senior wrangler in mathematics. She is a daughter of the famous Professor Fawcett, who, although he labored under the disability of being totally blind, was one of the foremost political economists of our time. His daughter has inherited his talents, and already, before entering Cambridge, had carried off all the available prizes at the University of London, at Newnham college for women, of which Mr. Gladstone's daughter is president, and at several other colleges. Had she not been like most able people, extremely modest and unassuming, and gifted moreover with coolness and determination, she must have been put to a severe trial during her student life. She had scarcely set foot in the college before her chances of success became the topic of local conversation. In the matter of work Miss Fawcett was not one of those foolish virgins who sit up into the small hours of the morning with a wet towel around their heads until brain and nerve give way. About six hours a day was her allowance for study, but during those six hours it was real hard work, as we may imagine. She went freely into society and took plenty of exercise. She is a proficient fencer, having taken lessons in the science of arms at an early age. Miss Fawcett had rivals of no mean merit. The student who is next to her is so distinguished a mathematician that a former senior wrangler on learning the result was heard to declare: "If she is senior this year she would have been so any year."

The general public in England, who have been taught to believe that no one can possibly be above that exalted being, the senior wrangler, look upon Miss Fawcett with awe and admiration.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

It was a California woman who invented a baby carriage, which neted her over $50,000; while to Mrs. Catherine Greene, the wife and widow of Washington's ablest officer, is due the honor of inventing the cotton gin, which is one of those distinctly American inventions, the value and importance of which have been recognized by the whole industrial world. A horseshoe machine, which turns out completed shoes, was the invention of a woman; also the reaper and mower, the idea of which came into the brain of Mrs. Ann Manning, of Plainfield, N. J., to whom is also accredited a clover cleaner. Mrs. Manning seems to have stimulated the inventive genius of her neighbors, for a few years after her reaper and mower was patented Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of the same State, took out a patent for an improvement on the machine, being a device for changing the knives without stopping the wheels.

One of the most complicated machines ever made is that for the manufacture of re-enforced bottom paper bags. It is so curiously ingenious that how it was contrived passes the ordinary comprehension. It was the invention of Miss Maggie Knight, who, from it and other inventions in the same line, realized a large fortune. A street sweeper of merit was devised and patented by a New York lady, who had a costly dress ruined by the mud splashed on it by a defective machine.

Most remarkable of all is the invention of Mrs. Mary B. Walton for deadening the sound of car wheels. She lived near the elevated railroad in New York, and was greatly annoyed by the sound of the roaring trains passing her house. The most noted machinists and inventors of the country had given their attention to the subject without being able to furnish their solution, when lo! a woman's brain did the work, and her appliance, proving perfectly successful, was adopted by the elevated roads, and she is now reaping the rewards of a happy thought.—Home Magazine.

Ida Lewis is not the only woman lighthouse-keeper in the country. The light at Watch Hill is in charge of Mrs. Schuyler, appointed during the Cleveland administration.

Written for The Better Way.

The Golden Warbler of Lily Dale.

BY LEWISE OLIVER.

During the June Assembly a beautiful little bird alighted upon a beach tree in front of the hotel veranda, which was identified by an eminent ornithologist present as above.

Dear little bird, so slight and frail,
Of brown and golden hue;
How dar'st thou come within the pale
O mankind's covetous view?

Now when the forest leaves are green,
And tender are their stems,
Thy golden brown glints in between,
As humming birds or wrens.

Tho' thy small body, lithe and long,
Distinguished is by grace
Rather than motion, swift or strong,
As, gliding to some place

Along the lower branches, where,
At rest, thy low sweet notes,
Thou sit'st and sings with warbling rare,
While out the music floats,

And upward in the ambient air,
In carols fine and soft,
Thou'rt named the "golden warbler," there
Sitting serene aloft

Among aspiring woodland elms,
Or shelt'ring beachen trees,
That all the islands thickly gains
To cool the heated breeze

Which summer's tropic sun has shone
Upon with fiery breath,
As thou wer't hast'ning from the zone
Where Sol's rays bring but death

To such as thou'rt, ethereal ones—
So delicate and small;
It is a wonder to us how
Thou can'st abide at all

Within this realm of grosser things,
Which doth so ill compare
With the melody thy presence brings,
Thy beauty, bright and fair.

And yet the air is soft to-day,
June hath arrived at last,
And summer's longed-for, genial sway
Hath buried all the past

Of winter's gloom and spring's caprice;
The bare earth carpeted
With succulent grass and softest moss
For thy tiny feet to tread.

So, little warbler, welcome here,
Thou cheerest every haunt;
Thy memory ever will be dear
Like an angel visitant.

LITERATURE AND MARRIAGE.

However it may be with literary men, marriage does not seem to be in favor with literary women, whose independence in following their own ideals illustrates the saying: "God made you, but you marry yourself." Rarely has it been granted to man or woman to give happiness to humanity through the medium of literature and at the same time to achieve happiness in the married state. Literature and love are jealous mistresses, and he who serves one rarely long keeps the favor of the other. Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, the Cary sisters, Miss Mitford, and many others doubtless were happier in the happiness they created for others through the charm and delight of their poems, stories and sketches than they would have been had they been married. True, it is possible that their happiness was all the greater from a knowledge that their life of aspiration and achievement was self-imposed and could at any time be relinquished for the ordinary enjoyments of life which are open to the many.

To the individual and to others the life with a purpose that is unhesitatingly believed in and resolutely and cheerfully followed out has a charm which, if not happiness, as that term is commonly understood, has an elevation and satisfying completeness impossible in a life devoid of higher aims than mere personal happiness. The fact that women are now doing so much in art and literature, and in various altruistic lines of effort, shows that in this, as in no other age of the world, is woman beginning to appreciate freedom and to use that freedom in accomplishing noble ends.

Marriage and the convent are no longer the alternatives of woman's life. The ever widening range of human wants and desires afford varied fields of effort, and into all of these woman is destined to come, and human sympathies and achievements will be broadened and bettered for her coming. The recent intellectual triumphs woman has won in England in lines of thought and study heretofore supposed to lie almost exclusively in man's domain point to still greater achievements in the future. A woman's essay on "Induction and Deduction" has called forth a high tribute from Herbert Spencer. Another has shown that to be senior wranglers, notwithstanding masculine traditions about woman's receptivity and lack of originality, lies within the sphere of woman's ambition and accomplishment, while Mrs. Browning and George Eliot have shown that woman may aspire to the highest honors in literature. In logic, mathematics, poetry and literature woman has shown her capacity, and, though mediæval notions still to some extent impede her progress, that progress has been remarkably rapid during the last two centuries.

What will be the result of this advance on human happiness may safely be left to the future. The clinging-vine theory, no doubt, will have to be modified. When the vine is able to take care of itself the oak is not indispensable. Many women now find happiness and a field for their best effort in art and literature. Others have invaded the school room, and the store, and the office, and man has been compelled to effort to hold his own, and is under no illusion as to woman's ability. The coming man and the coming woman will find much that has been written about woman's sphere and the mutual relations of the sexes antiquated. What are to be their relations and proper spheres in the future need give us no concern at present. The wider knowledge will bring the wider wisdom, which is its divine complement, and the problems of life which have hitherto baffled man may yet be solved by man and woman when woman shall become the helpmeet for man for which she was intended in the divine economy. What men like in women furnished a feminine ideal in the past; what women like in men may furnish a masculine ideal in the future.—Chicago Times.

MOLLY FANCHER'S BAZAAR.

We have heretofore given some account of Molly Fancher, that marvel of a bed-ridden invalid, who, for more than twenty years, has been a helpless cripple in the city of Brooklyn.

In 1867 Molly was one of the most promising pupils of the well known Packer Institute. A serious accident deprived her of the use of her limbs, and reduced her to a state of almost utter helplessness; from which she has never recovered. During all these years of prostration Miss Fancher has continued to support herself by various means. For a long period her arms were rigidly held upward, her hands meeting at the back of her head, and whilst so held at a point which precluded the aid of her natural sight, she wrought a variety of fancy work of exquisite design and finish. Her patience under affliction is something marvelous. As if in compensation for the impairment of her physical organs, Miss Fancher is endowed with wonderful faculties of perception and prevision. She seems to be aware of everything that is taking place about her. With a mind ever alert, she is able to devise means and methods with remarkable clearness. Her latest venture is a Bazaar at 160 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, directed by her by means of a speaking tube, connected with her couch on an upper floor.

The invalid directs her two assistants, keeps the books, even to the slightest detail, and watches the progress of her enterprise.

For months at a time she does not take food of any kind, and really seems, as she lies wan and wasted upon her accustomed bed, less a mortal than a spirit. The case is a remarkable one, and, so far as we are informed, unprecedented.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A Simile.

KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

A white hand, soiled by labor stains,
Washed, pure and white again appears;
And souls, sin-stained, can heal their pains
By prayers of penitence and tears.

Apocalyptic Thoughts.

BY LADY BOWER.

Overcoming is the swift chariot of conquest, holding the convergence of innumerable reins of power.

It is living the supernatural life, over the natural life.

It is a glorious ascent above the dominion of natural life.

It leads into the boundless treasury of powers.

It wins the crown of triumph.

It is the heightened uplifting of the veil that divides us from the spiritual world.

It opens into transcendent spiritual knowledge.

It yields a heightened quality of joy.

It is spiritual triumph while in the body.

It is the summit height of attainment.

It necessarily implies an increasing state of purity; sin, self and the world gradually sinking downwards.

It is the triumph of vanquishing the power of the flesh while still remaining in the condition of the flesh.

It meets with such stupendous rewards because it is the highest combination of sacrifice, energy and exertion; the mastery implying every spiritual faculty in brilliant exercise, crowned with the glowing rainbow tints of love.

It is the conquerer's glory.

Every summit reached is a heightened and expanded spiritual vision.—Medium and Daybreak.

True Worth Recognized.

The Woman's Journal says: "Miss Nellie Sanger, who is stenographer to President Harrison, and private secretary to his wife, was one of the young ladies asked to assist at the New Year's reception at the White House. On the same day Miss Hunt, who is the daughter of a former cabinet officer and minister to Russia, but who, through reverses, has become wholly dependent upon herself, and is serving as secretary to Vice-President Morton's wife, was one of the most honored assistants at the reception in her employer's house. Both of these young ladies are clever, accomplished and personally attractive, fitted to grace any drawing-room, but they are working women on salaries, and their formal appearance in official society is an innovation which is said to be without precedent. It is the pleasure of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton that the young ladies should rank socially with invited guests, and this decision is eminently sensible. It may be said to work an era in social progress when the 'better half' of an administration tacitly declares that a lady does not lose caste because she earns her living."

Mrs. Frank Leslie denies the rumor of her engagement.

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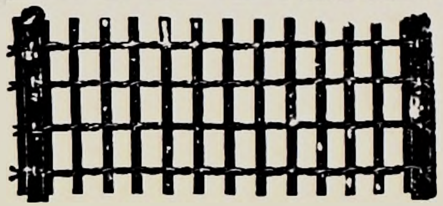

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NASHVILLE, TENN., June 9, '87.
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T. A. ATCHISON, M. D.
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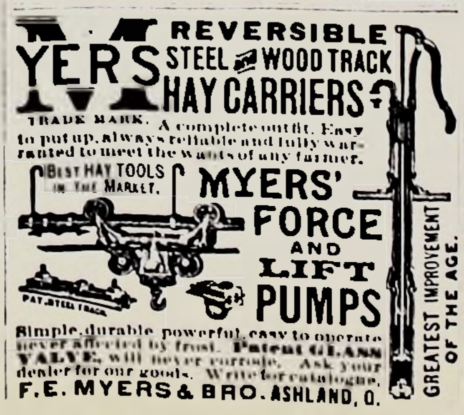

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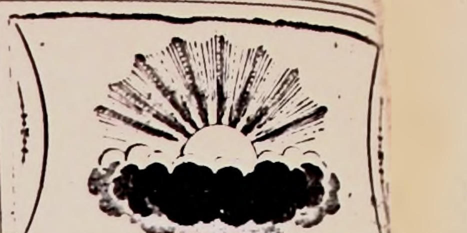

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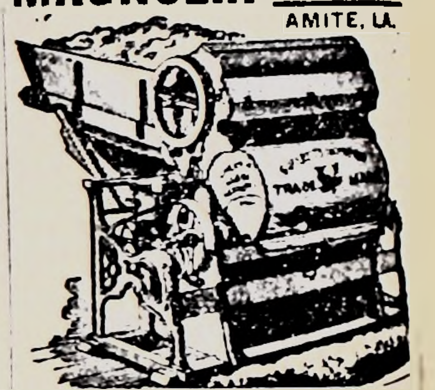

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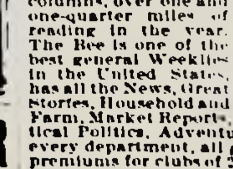

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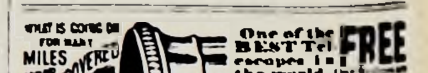

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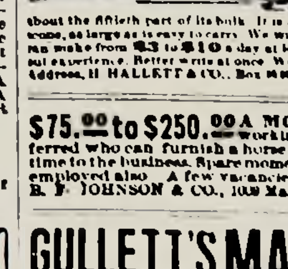

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THROUGH THE CRUCIBLE.

An Inspirational Story.

BY J. J. WHITTEMORE, M. D.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued.)

Marion had already determined to sue for a divorce, but by the advice of her attorney she went home and spent some hours in her room every day. She also kept her carriage in the same stable, and gave sundry orders to the servants and continued the role of mistress of the house even more than formerly. Grant kept well out of sight. She ordered her carriage when she liked and made calls upon her friends, especially the Mowry family. But she took her meals and slept at her father's house. Mrs. La Rue to all appearance was friendly and sociable; she never alluded to the watch, and but once to her son. Then she said that she regretted and condemned the conduct of Lucian; but she asserted in the most positive terms that the poor boy was very penitent, and if she could forgive him be would never repeat the offense.

Marion said but little in reply, but reminded her that this was only one of many offenses of the kind. Two days later Marion went with her father and her attorney and made a formal application for divorce and alimony to the amount of a round million.

Of course Grant was duly notified, and on the evening of the next day Marion received a note from Lucian asking in very humble terms for a private interview. The missive was signed "Your repentant and sorrowing husband, Julian Grant." Marion consulted her father and her counsel. It was thought best to grant the man's request. Mr. La Rue almost unwillingly consented that the interview be held in his house. So we find Marion and Julian Grant once more together *tete-a-tete* in the little north parlor. Grant first attempted to excuse himself by charging Maggie with tempting him, by asking him improper questions and coming uninvited to his room, and even fondling him and daring him to kiss her, until he at last was charmed.

Marion heard him awhile, and then told him that she knew he was lying; he had tried to tempt the girl by flattery and presents, and, failing in this, he had drugged her and attempted her ruin. She reminded him of former misdeeds, especially of the affair at Rome, while on their wedding tour, and of other things since which she could prove.

He next attempted to have her moderate her claim for alimony. He would give her four or five thousand dollars, but to ask a million was absurd; that was more than he was worth all together.

Marion simply replied to that: "We'll see about that. Not a month ago you boasted in my hearing that you were worth more than five times that amount, exclusive of your city property. That I can prove easily enough."

Finding himself baffled at every point, and becoming angry, he took from his pocket two neatly-folded papers, and, with a comic leer, held them out toward Marion and asked: "Mrs. Grant, did you ever see these papers before?"

"I am sure I don't know, what are they? let's see them," holding out her hand for them.

"No, my dear, innocent wife, not quite yet; but I will read them to you; they are very sweet little things."

Then he read the two letters from Dr. Harvey which the reader will remember. One was his report of the bogus purchase of the Princeton cottage, and the other a reply to her question about the custody of the watch and chain.

For one moment Marion's heart seemed to stand still and her face paled. She supposed these simple, harmless notes were safely hidden away among her most private things in her trunk. But it did not take long to rally, and her face now glowed with mingled confusion and anger. There sat her husband looking sneeringly up into her face, and said in a most insulting tone, "How will these appear in court, my dear, immaculate wife?"

"Those papers are mine, so hand them over or else I will have you arrested for stealing them, you base coward!"

"Oh, I rather guess not; I'll tell you how I got them. The chambermaid found them on the floor of your room, and, as she can't read, she gave them to mother. I suppose in your hurry to get away after the picnic you got up that night, you dropped these precious love letters on the floor."

Marion thought that was probably true, and after a moment said: "Well, sir, you and your vile mother may make the most you can out of these harmless business notes. Now you can go, and see that you don't trouble me again."

"Don't get out of patience, Mrs. Grant; I want to call your attention to that famous Indian Chief who came and disappeared so mysteriously at the masquerade. Oh, you dear, innocent creature! you swore you didn't know who he was. I know where he got his disguise, and I know just how he got in and out, and I can prove all you said to him and he to you. It was a pretty love talk the day we were married. Is your lover coming home to help you out—to get a million out of me and marry you? Oh, I guess not."

"Now go your way, sir; I've heard enough. Go and look up your lying witnesses and do your worst."

"I have one word more with you on business. I have a liberal proposal to make to you, Mrs. Grant."

"Not a word more to me, you brute! If you have any proposals go to my attorney. Now go, sir."

Grant lingered and was about to speak, when Marion got up and putting her hand to the bell, said: "Another word and I call for help." He slid out.

This interview convinced Marion that she had yet a hard battle to fight harder than she before thought. She had no doubt that Grant had disposition and ability to subpena any amount of testimony, and there was hardly a limit to the subtle devices of his mother. They might blacken her reputation and cause her great distress; but she was not to be diverted from her purpose; she knew she was right.

Julian Grant presented a counter petition for divorce, alleging deception before marriage, and after, infidelity to marriage vows. The result was that Marion's petition was granted. But Grant, by false testimony adduced by hired witnesses, succeeded in throwing so much suspicion upon Marion, that the alimony was reduced to one-tenth of what she claimed; but she made no complaint. Ten thousand dollars was better with her freedom than millions in subjection to such a man as Julian Grant. Marion was free and was also granted a change of name. Instead of assuming her former name, La Rue, she chose Marion Chase. Chase was the maiden name of her maternal grandmother.

Annie Neisen at about this juncture formed a partnership with a noted test medium in Brooklyn. Annie had already developed wonderful powers of mediumship. She had many phases and soon found plenty of business. Marion often visited her and held sweet converse with her mother and other spirit friends. She carried several messages to her father from his angel wife, to all of which he listened with tearful interest and no doubt lasting profit. Since his rupture with Julian Grant and his wife, he had to a great degree fled to Marion for a kind of shelter and sympathy. He manifested more love for her than he ever had before; and her unaffected sympathy and kindness was gradually softening his overbearing spirit and moulding him into a more manly form of humanity. He seemed more a father to her than ever before.

After taking sufficient time to arrange her business, she took up her abode at her suburban villa. Maggie went with her as maid and companion. She confided the whole management of her business to her grandfather Princton, and her grandmother, with one good assistant, took charge of the housekeeping and all the indoor arrangements. Marion and Maggie went systematically to work to learn the art of cooking and general housekeeping under the tuition of Mrs Princton, who had, as we remember, kept a boarding house in Brooklyn. But it must be admitted that Marion never very extensively practiced her new learned trade. Marion did indeed keep a carriage and had a coachman; but he was a general assistant about the place under the direction of Mr. Princton. The land, aside from the garden and lawns, was rented, and the whole thing worked smoothly. Marion had a much humbler but much happier home than ever before in her life. Her father often visited her, and complete harmony existed between him and Mr. Princton. Marion had resumed her literary work successfully.

As a matter of course this divorce case in a popular aristocratic family caused quite a ripple of excitement for a season, and drew out some newspaper comments; but no where does an excitement of this kind subside so very quickly as in a large city. One wave of interest is quickly followed by another washing the first out of public mind. Miss Marion La Rue, then Mrs. Lucian Grant, were soon lost sight of even by the mass of both former friends and foes. Comparatively few thought of the former names while commenting favorably or adversely upon the writings of Marion Chase. But Miss Marion Chase was becoming very popular as a writer and speaker. For her quick successive step she found herself forced upon the rostrum. Having once occupied that position, her ability was immediately recognized and demanded. Marion in fact hardly recognized herself. The transition from the vanity and torment of fashionable life to that of an advocate of the rights of women to full equality with men, embracing the elective franchise, and eligibility to office had been effected under such a maze of changes and whirl of excitement that it hardly seemed yet a real matter of fact. But she had become popular both as a writer and speaker, and she shrank from no duty or responsibility.

Only a little time since she was trembling under her father's authority, frightened by the curses of a priest, groaning under the mistaken instruction of a dying mother, studying how to get rid of the persistent attentions of Julian Grant. At length surrendering the last lingering hope of independence, she married a man she hated, while in the depth of her heart she loved another. Then came the years of splendid misery and almost ruin by the mockery of wine, and the timely release; followed by her release from wife slavery. It all seemed like a dream, or more like a story she had read rather than experienced. It was almost as strange as the life story of Dr. Harvey. When in her public lectures she was actually telling the story of her own life it seemed almost like she was telling some other person's experience. And indeed it was, for there are many nearly identical with her's. It was no mere picture of the imagination, even leaving herself out of the question. There was indeed but little in her past life that was reviewed with real pleasure. Even the memory of Dr. Harvey was tinged with sadness, like some highly prized blessing now lost forever. The prevailing feeling of her heart was: "Probably he has about forgotten me, or if he thinks of me at all he has learned to despise me." Then she would add: "Well, now I am free I can innocently love him, and in the future life he will know all." So she settled down to what she deemed her life work, to write and speak for the truth and wait.

The question had occasionally occurred to Marion why her stepmother was anxious to obtain the watch and chain, and what there was about it that made her faint when she saw it. Just now for some reason it impressed her mind with more force than ever before. She made up her mind to go and see Annie Neisen. She simply told the medium she wanted a question answered by independent slate writing. According to the usual method Marion wrote the question on a slip of paper and put it between two slates. The medium put her fingers on the slate lying on the table. The question was: "Does my stepmother know anything of the watch I hold belonging to H. F. H.? If so, what can the spirit tell me?"

Writing was almost immediately heard. When the slates were opened this was found written: "Yes, the woman knows all about the watch and chain. She knows who was the first owner. She don't know how H. F. H. got it. Rest quiet and be patient; you will know all soon—just as soon as we can manage it; make no stir; say nothing. S. D. G."

Annie said the writer was the first Mrs. Grant. Marion got other messages, some from her mother, and went home measurably satisfied, and willing to await further developments. She felt that possibly Dr. Harvey might yet claim his property, and she might yet see him again.

Mr. La Rue had given up nearly all active business, but still clung tenaciously to his money, and through his agent and attorney never refused a safe speculation. His hatred of Julian Grant was undisguised and violent; and his feeling toward his recreant wife was little less better. He often spoke of Dr. Harvey and rejoiced in his prosperity. This was music to the soul and ears of Marion.

Under the kind sympathy of his daughter, messages from his spirit wife and the judicious management of his good housekeeper, Mr. La Rue became more moderate in both eating and drinking, and his health and temper were perceptibly improved.

(To be continued.)

The Fifteenth Doctor Cured Her.

Extract from a letter from Harriet Flaugher, she says:

Dr. J. S. Loucks, Worcester, Mass.—Dear Sir: I now find time to write you, I am feeling so much better now, and have been very busy moving and fixing up our new home and working so hard that I did not take time to write you. Your medicines helped me so, and the malaria and rheumatism are gone, and the magnetized paper you sent me made me sleep so nicely; and I can truly say that you have helped me more than any one, and I might say more than all put together, and I have employed fifteen different doctors; some of them doctored one year, some of them two years, and one of them four years. Is it not a wonder that I am living to-day? May the good angels guard and bless you is the wish of me and mine.

HARRIET A. FLAUGHER.

North Jackson, O.

See ad. in another column of this paper.

Life.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

Through earth and heaven moves the mystic power
That warms all flesh and lifts the tree and rose.
The breath divine that through all being flows;
Thought, action, growth and change, immortal dower,
It brings to man; and in the wayside flower
He finds the force that in his own heart glows;
The soul of all that breathes, or blooms, or grows,
Creating, re-creating, hour by hour.

O blind, blind seeker! to the "primal cell"
Tracing this spirit with dissecting knife!
Dost thou not hear in every passing bell,
In pain and darkness, sin and doubt and strife,
The voice that breathes through earth and heaven and hell,
Sun, moon, and farthest star, "I am the life."

—Companion.

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I suffered from intense pain between my shoulder blades, and spine also. Being afraid that I could not go to work the following day, I called on Mr. J. W. DeHoog for a magnetic treatment. The pain left me almost instantly after one treatment, and have had none since.

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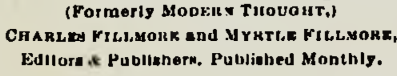

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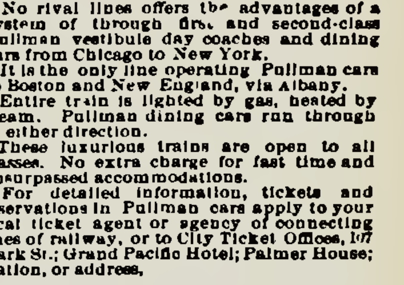

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INCONSISTENT.

In speaking of "materalization," the Golden Gate says: "Christain people must believe this, if they believe their Bible, for are they not numerous instances given, in both Testaments, of the reembodiment of spirits, in forms as tangible as those possessed by mortals? What was the appearance of Jesus to his disciples, after the crucifixion, but a materialization? or the two spirits that appeared to, and supped with, Abraham in his tent? The Christian world accepts these materializations as religious facts, while it rejects similar facts occurring to-day."

The Bible sets forth no such materialization as does Modern Spiritualism. The two "men" which appeared to Abraham were angles, spirits, or spiritual beings, distinct from man and antedating man. The same Jesus who was laid in the grave of Joseph came forth. He could say to the doubting Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing." John xx., 17. There is quite a difference between the Bible account and the literature of Modern Spiritualism. Let them show us the empty grave, the rivivified form, the concurring word of God, and then we will believe.—Signs of the Times.

Then the "revivified form" and "the concurring word of God" are not enough; you must also have "the empty grave" to induce you to believe. That is, you must have the old wornout body, that is resolving itself back into the elements whence it came, or has gone into thousands of new forms of both vegetable and animal life,—you must have this restored to you. In the light of St. Paul's teaching concerning the "spiritual body," what do you want of the physical remains? What could you do with them if you had them?'

You say the two "men" which appeared to Abraham were "angels, spirits, or spiritual beings, distinct from man and antedating him." How do you know? The Bible does not say so. Did not the "angel" that appeared to Saul, and whom he was about to fall down and worship, tell him not to do so, as he was but one "of his brethren the prophets"? What are we to understand from this—that here was a "being distinct from man"? No, no, neighbor, not at all; but that he was simply a materialized spirit—one of the prophets—who had come back to earth on a special mission.

Our Adventists friends deny the existence of the spirit of man separate from and independent of, the physical body, and yet they claim to believe in spirits, or "spiritual beings distinct from man." Why this distinction? Are we not all spirits? How very, very much our friends across the bay miss of the joys of this life in denying spirit communion. —Golden Gate.

[And supposing we did show them an empty grave; why they'd swear that the body had been previously stolen, and as usual, cry "fraud." And should this convince them, there would be others ready to pounce upon the medium for unlawful practice in having a burial place disturbed. No, let them find out for themselves, as we had to do—each one individually. We got nothing as long as we imposed conditions on the spirits, nor will they; and it is a waste of time for us to wrangle with them. Those who are ripe for Spiritualism, i. e. those who care to know positively whether they shall live hereafter will seek uninvited, and others are not wanted.]

THE ORTHODOX HELL.

The following is an extract from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermon 17, Second Series, page 275, concerning the lower regions to which unbelievers in the Caristain doctrine obtain a free pass:

"There is a real fire in hell, as truly as you have now in a real body—a fire exactly like that which we have on earth in everything except this, that it will not consume, though it will torture you. You have seen asbestos lying in the fire red hot, but when you take it out it is unconsumed. So you body will be prepared by God in such a way that it will burn forever without being consumed; it will lie, not, as you consider, in metaphorical fire, but in actual flame. Did our Saviour mean fictions when he said he would cast body and soul into hell? What should there be a pit for, if there were no bodies? Why fire, why chains, if there were to be no bodies? Can fire touch the soul? Can pits shut in the spirit? Can chains fetter souls? No! pits, and fire and chains are for bodies, and bodies shall be there. Thou wilt sleep in the dust a little while. When thou diest thy soul will be tormented alone— that will be a hell for it but—at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin hells, body and soul shall be together, full of pain, thy soul sweating in its inmost pores, drops of blood, and thy body from head to foot, suffused with agony; conscience, judgment, memory, all tortured; but more, thy head tormented with racking pains; thine eyes starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe; thine ears tormented with 'sullen moans and hollow groans and shrieks of tortured ghosts,' thine heart beating high with fever, thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate in agony, thy limbs cracking like the martyrs in the fire, and yet unburned, thyself put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet undestroyed; all thy veins becoming a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; every nerve a sting on which the devil shall ever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Unutterable Lament; thy soul forever and ever aching, and thy body palpitating in unison with thy soul."

SMOTHER SELFISHNESS AND FEED CHARITY.

Of all the passions liable to become too intensely educated, that of selfishness is the strongest and the origin of most of the sins of life, receiving aid from a few others that transcend their natural limits. The very evident reason why they predominate in childhood and youth, is because they are educated antecedent to the development of the moral and intellectual faculties, and why it is so hard to overcome in maturer years. Selfishness is at the bottom of constitutional violation on which is based the false principles that involve us in continually increasing troubles. This prime cause ever active, is plainly manifested in children less than two years old, and as a matter of course this condition was imbibed from others; for it is pretty certain all we know we learn, and hence human teaching must have antedated the open expression of it in the child. It is useless to say the child does not understand, for different teachings in two cases are widely at variance, and thus proves the position taken. Selfishness in its unscrupulous acts makes millionaires, and the making of these produces its opposite, poverty; and one millionaire makes ten thousand semi-paupers. Such an unequal division of property is made possible by unconstitutional laws in the interests of the few. The ship of selfishness rides triumphantly on the waves of rascality freighted with sin and gold while the great bulk of mankind paddle the birch canoe manipulated by the unseen hands in the golden ship. Selfishness holds the key that unlocks Pandora's box and floods the world with wickedness. It fills the heart with evil; pales the cheek of beauty, and robes of strength and happiness. It produces danger and discord wherever in great excess; disintegrates and destroys nations; is the anarchistic dynamite which sends uncounted thousands to early graves. Such a monster requires the especial attention of all good men and women, and deserves to be securely imprisoned in the secure cage of liberty justice and right.

The wild forays of selfishness can never be restrained but through the channels of education from its cradle to the grave. Man must learn the great truth that early education is the only alternative to secure the best interests of the whole people before selfishness can be hewn down to its normal condition in the constellation of mind and recognized as a united element in the political economy of liberty and justice to all. Then our labors must be concentrated on the correct teachings of the young to smother in the bud the evil blossom before expanded. Smother it and sweeter waters will flow from native fountains restrained within its banks by the deep-rooted plants of honesty and truth. Smother it in the cradle, in youth and madhood and a harvest of rich fruits will fall into the lap of peace and plenty, of harmony and contentment. The more effectually to carry this out we must at the same time cultivate sympathy, love and charity. Charity softens the passions, improves the temper, increases our love for our fellowmen, gives us a more exalted idea of our mutual relations and duties and binds society together with the strong chords of sympathy, social affiliation and love. R. K. SLOSSON.

A Marvelous Cure by Dr. A. B. Dobson, Across the River, in Hanover, Illinois.

Dr. A. B. Dobson—Dear Sir: One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter Emma was sick for months with a complication of diseases, and was attended by three physicians until she got so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes were gone for her recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and after taking the remedies a few months, she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think she had been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get about the house she ate too many oysters, which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case, but before I put the letter in the post office I received one from him answering every question in the letter I had not sent; he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity, and I earnestly ask you to write me in regard to this case for I am willing to give testimony under oath to the above facts.

H. B. HUNT.

The above was also told a short time ago by Mr. Hunt to Calvin E. Northrop, a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa. —Maquoketa Record.

Man must be able to read his own soul before he can expect to read others' Introspection develops this qualification.

Many people think because they have a good flow of inspiration they are good writers. Many perfect grammarians and rhetoricians know they are poor writers despite the latter qualifications. A little of both are needed to make acceptable contributors for the press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The 450th anniversary of the invention of printing has been celebrated in Mainz, Ger.

⁂

The czarovitch of Russia will start on a tour of the world August 1st, returning by way of the United States.

⁂

The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau was sold in Paris in 1835 for $400. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa brought over $100,000. A wig that once was worn by Sterne, the great English writer, was sold at public auction in London a few years ago for $1,050. In 1816 a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was purchased by a nobleman for $3,650. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from his favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

⁂

The dowager empress of China employs an American physician.

⁂

A SERIOUS LOSS.

Fred—The idea of Ben blowing into a loaded gun. He must have lost his head.

Henry—He did, old fellow, when the gun went off.—N. Y. World.

⁂

Stanley says that certain portions of Africa will always be worthless, on account of the ravages of the grasshoppers. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers ten miles broad and thirty miles long marching down a valley, and when the grass was fired against them they were thick enough to extinguish the flames.

⁂

The cabriolet, in use fifty or sixty years ago, has reappeared in Hyde Park, including the tiger at the back.

⁂

It is said that New York is full of dukes, marquises, barons, counts, and other foreign noblemen who have run out of funds in the old country or have been compelled to quit there for cogent legal or domestic reasons.

⁂

De Smith, do you think marriage a failure?

Don't know—haven't been there long enough. Wife left with another fellow before two months were round.—Schnorpske.

⁂

A writer in the American Financeer has compiled some figures showing that in each of the three principles sources of power—man, horse and steam—this country leads the great nations of Europe, excepting Russia.

⁂

Of the 156 applicants for admission to the military academy at West Point twenty-four failed to pass the required examinations on account of physical defects.

⁂

Lady to tramp—Poor man! you look sick.

Tramp wearily—Why shouldn't I look sick when I hear so often. "Sic 'im; sic 'im."

⁂

At the Parmalee coin sale in New York the cent with eagle on a quarter section of globe, 1792, copper, whereof the only other specimen known is in the Philadelphia mint cabinet, went into the H. P. Smith collection for $210. The dollar of 1794, with stars, but in copper, brought $100.

⁂

Professor John Fiske of Harvard College believes that the American Indians originally came from Asia.

⁂

The greater portion of the cedar telegraph poles used by the Western Company come from Michigan. From 40 to 200 men and nearly 40 teams are employed in the gathering of poles and putting them in proper shape. The poles range from 26 to 60 feet in length and are worth from $1 to $7 each.

⁂

Aunt Theo.—Tommy. I am surprised you forgot your bible so quickly. Now, when the rain descended and smote the earth for forty days and forty nights, what was it called?

Tommy promptly—Mud.—Gray's Monthly.

⁂

TO MY MOTHER.

Many the weary miles between.
But distance yields to love like thine;
Blest miracle! though all unseen,
Closely thy cheek is pressed to mine.
—R. Loveman in Youth's Companion.

⁂

Foreman—How can you have the impudence to quietly sit down and smoke when the sign on the door reads plainly "No smoking aloud!"

Smoker—I am not smoking aloud, but very quietly, so as to disturb no one.

⁂

Wyoming is the first State admitted to the Union with a Constitution granting suffrage to women on the same terms as to men.

⁂

What men call luck
Is the prerogative of valiant souls,
The fealty life pays its rightful kings.
—James Russel Lowell.

⁂

The medical congress in Berlin in August will be very important. Every country will be largely represented. Edmund Yates says that a whole army of army doctors is expected from America. We suppose this congress will be "regular."

⁂

An Irishman seeing a Chinaman read a Chinese book backward, as is their custom, exclaimed: "Johnny, are ye left-handed or only cross-eyed?"—Siftings.

⁂

More attention than ever is being paid by the military authorities in Germany to the training of pigeons for carrying messages in war time, and 50,000 marks have been voted this year for covering the expenses entailed in consequence, whereas in former years only 35,000 marks were granted. About 8,000 pigeons are now available, and beside these there are some 50,000 more that belong to private individuals, which could be made use of.

⁂

Dr. Bein, a Frankfort, Germany, mathematician, calculates that two persons playing dominoes ten hours a day and making four moves a minute, could continue 118,000,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total number of which are 248,528,211,840.

⁂

FOUL THOUGHTS.

Rev. Mr. Snowball—An' does you ebber hab any foul thoughts in your 'ere brain, Brudder Jones?

Brudder Jones—Only in de spring, sah, when Mars' Tenny's chickens am grown.—Harvard Lampoon.

⁂

A religious paper announces that it will make no charge for publishing death notices of godly persons. This is certainly a strong inducement to godliness.

⁂

DOES IT JELL.

Now across the back-yard gate
Sounds the old domestic yell,
As Ophelia calls to Kate,
"Can't you make your jelly jell?"
Springfield Homestead.

⁂

The young emperor of Germany is constantly keeping himself before the public by some demonstration that attracts the attention of the press. If this keeps on much longer, he will soon be popular enough to run for office.

⁂

A TENDER CORD.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—I'll forgive you this time, but if I ever catch you again in the hen house, I'll give you up to the law.

Sambo—Thank yo', sah. Kindness like that touches a tender cord in dis old man's buzzum.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—That will do, Sambo. Be sure you don't touch that cord in the back yard on your way out.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Bishop A. Beals may be addressed at White Bear Lake, Minn., during July.

G. W. Kates and wife may be addressed during July, at 406 W. Sixth Ave., Topeka, Kas.

Mrs. E. L. Stevens is open to engagements as a lecturer during the camp meeting season. Address, Hillsdale, Mich.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee will accept engagements for the fall season in the West. Address at Geneva, O.

Mrs. S. E. Warner Bishop has been lecturing with acceptance in Hamburgh, Ia., and is now in Fremont, Neb., which is her present address.

Will C. Hodge desires engagements as speaker for the fall and winter months, commencing with September. Address during July, 315 Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill., during August, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. Will answer calls for funerals.

Mrs. E. Cutler, platform test medium and psychometric reader, of Philadelphia, Pa., is open for engagements for lecturing and organizing lyceums and woman's progressive unions to aid the cause. Address at Eden P. O., Parkland, Bucks Co., Pa.

Mrs. K. R. Stiles, of Boston, Mass., will speak at Sunapee Camp Meeting July 28th and August 2d. She has also been engaged to speak at Temple Heights, Verona Park and Etna Me Camp Meetings. Societies wishing her services for the coming lecture season, as inspirational speaker, test and psychometric reader, can address her at 45 Dwight street.

F. A. Wiggins, test medium and lecturer, closes this season's engagement at Brooklyn N. Y., the last two Sundays of this month. He then will be open for camp engagements, and for societies desiring his services for next season. During July address Mirror Lakes, N. H. After that at his home, Salem, Mass.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York, has closed one of her most successful seasons of labor in the Spiritualistic field. She goes to her summer home, "Holland Hall," Long Branch, N. J., where she will hold meetings occasionally for the friends who accompany her. She will resume her labors in New York October 1st.

Henry H. Warner, inspirational speaker and test medium, is engaged for 1890, as follows: Onset, Mass., August 9th and 10th, Cambridgeport, October 12th and 19th; Brockton, October 30th; Fitchburg, Nobember 9th and 30th; Brockton, December 14th. Would like further engagements for '90 and 91. Address 441, Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

A. E. Tisdale speaks at Harwich Camp Meet. July 20th and 23d, Niantic, August 3d; Onset, August 11th and 12th; Temple Heights, August 10th and 17th; Lake Pleasant, August 24th and 16th. Queen City Park, August 28th, 29th and 31st; September 7th, West Duxbury. Societies wishing his services for the fall and winter months can address him at Merrick, Mass.

Moses and Mattie E. Hull are open for engagements for grove or camp meetings on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, July 25th, 26th and 27th, and August 1st, 2d and 3d. It is very plausible that Dr. Schlesinger, of San Francisco, one of the best mediums in the world, will be with them, yet it is uncertain. Certain business complication may keep him at home longer than he expects.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will lecture on Sunday, July 27th, at Sunapee Lake (N. H.) Camp; on Sunday, August 3d, at Mantua Station O., annual meeting (probably); on Sunday August 10th, at Cassadaga N. Y. Camp; Sunday, August 17th, at Temple Heights, Me., Camp; Sunday, August 24th, at Verona Park Me. Camp; and Sunday, August 31st, at Lake Pleasant, Mass. Camp. Several week days are secured with most of these places preceding or following the Sundays. For the seasons of '90 and '91 address him at 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Cassadaga Camp Meeting, July 29th, 31st and August 3d, and is at Clinton Camp, Ia., from August 10th to 18th. He speaks at Mantua Camp July 24th to 27th, and Hicksville, O., August 24th. He is engaged for Sundays of November in New York, and for December in Philadelphia, Pa.. He is yet free to engage for Sep ember and October, wherever first called, but would prefer engagements in New York, Pennsylvania or New England, as being nearer relations to New York and Philadelphia. He is also free to engage January, February, March, April, and May, 1891. First call first served. Address Box 379 Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

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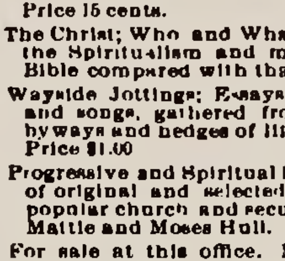

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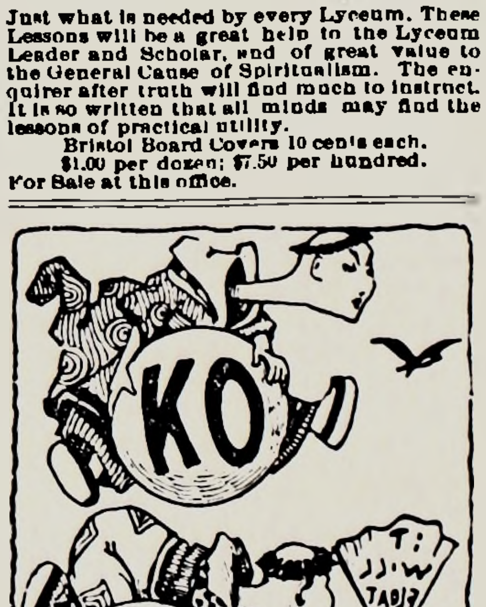

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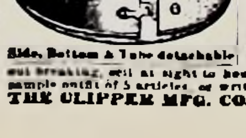
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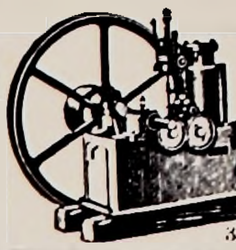

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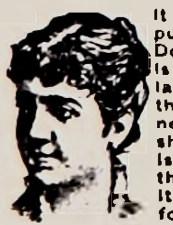

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